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Mexico's Monthly Review

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A COLONIAL JEWEL ON A PAVED HIGHWAY

SAN MIGUEL ALLENDE, in the state of Guanajuato and 229 miles northwest from Mexico City, is one of the towns that had to be included in the highway program of modern Mexico because of its unique appeal to tourists and students.

The present San Miguel Allende was founded by Spaniards, but very near the present town are to be found the remains of the original Amerindian site, known as Izcuinapan.

A few years after the Spanish Conquest by Hernán Cortés, in 1521, the adventuring Franciscan monk, Fray Juan de San Miguel, founded on the outskirts of Izcuinapan the town known then as San Miguel el Grande, and the first church was constructed there by his order.

The construction of the present monumental church was started during the first years of the 18th century.

The name San Miguel el Grande was changed in the 19th century to San Miguel Allende, in honor of Ignacio Allende, one of the principal leaders of Mexico's struggle for freedom from Spain.

Built on a hillside, San Miguel Allende has uneven and winding streets, which is one of its charms. Its altitude of 7,340 feet gives it a mild and pleasant climate.

AS IN old Rome, the saying in modern Mexico is that all roads lead to Mexico City. Capital of the country and a bustling city of more than three million inhabitants, Mexico City is the veritable center of an ever-expanding highway system.

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January 1st, 1953

HOWARD S. PHILLIPS
EDITOR

A Fundamental Purpose

FOR the majority of Mexico's population the most significant point in the inaugural address delivered by President Ruiz Cortines a month ago is undoubtedly that which voices his determination to seek immediate means to overcome the acute scarcity and dearth of basic foods. Stressing in direct and simple language the grave disparity in the distribution of national wealth, as revealed in the fact that four-fifths of the national income is received by forty percent of the population, whereas but one fifth is the share of the remaining sixty percent, the new President declared that the fundamental purpose of his administration will be to endeavour in every way possible to alleviate the economic hardships of the majority.

As a national problem, extreme poverty of the many, accompanied by a disproportionate wealth of the few, is not a recent development in Mexico. Its origin is as old as the nation's history. It is the country's basic social problem, and civil wars have been fought in an effort to find its solution. To create the means for a more equitable distribution of income and to achieve the freedom from want has been the avowed goal of preceding administrations during the past thirty years, and the imposing constructive programs they have carried out have been inspired by the pursuit of this goal. And yet, because of the accelerated growth in population and a lagging volume of agricultural production, this problem, at the end of thirty years of sustained constructive effort, remains unsolved.

Price inflation, which has reduced the purchasing value of the Mexican peso to an approximate one fifth of what it was in 1934, has reduced, despite the increase in monetary income, the population's living standards by fifty-eight percent. These figures, based on official statistics, reveal the sad truth that as compared with the standards of eighteen years ago the problem of economic want is today twice as great.

For this reason, President Ruiz Cortines declared that while the comprehensive six-year program of his government will continue the constructive task that had been carried out by foregone administrations, whereby Mexico may ultimately achieve a balance between its production and consumption, as an immediate and emergency task, he will employ all available means to overcome the scarcity of basic food commodities, whether real or artificial, in order to lower the level of prices.

Following this immediate aim, the government has established a rigidly enforced ceiling on the prices of corn and beans—the basic foods of the poor—whereby it is effectively attacking the widespread monopoly

evil: the control of distribution which, aided by scarcity, has in recent years contributed to price inflation as much as the scarcity itself. It has been ascertained, in fact, that there is hardly a field of economic activity in Mexico that, despite government regulations, is not affected by monopolies. The control of markets, either by combined producers or middlemen who exact exorbitant profits, has not only inflated the costs of living but has also seriously impeded national economic expansion by closing the doors to new investments of capital and new enterprises of production.

By amending, on the President's initiative, the Article 28 of the Federal Constitution the government will have more ample facilities to combat monopolies. But its immediate plan covers a much wider range. Likewise through the President's initiative, a sum of a hundred and fifty million pesos has been assigned to the government-conducted Agricultural Bank to finance the cultivation of corn and beans in an area of 741,300,000 acres. Though of excellent quality, these lands, comprising various regions in the federal irrigation system, have not been properly utilized heretofore, mainly due to lack of adequate financing.

It is the government's purpose to submit these areas to intensive and scientific cultivation, by selecting the best seed, employing the most effective fertilizers and mechanized methods, and in this way to obtain twice the volume of crops per acre than the average prevalent elsewhere. The plan defines a twofold purpose—i.e., or relieving the national scarcity of these basic food items, and by doubling the yield per acre of greatly increasing the farmers' income.

The plan, adapted as an emergency measure to cope with the needs of the present year, actually represents the initial step in a much more comprehensive program of a total reorganization in the methods of government financing and supervision of agriculture upon a nation-wide scale. For it is estimated that throughout the national territory there are other extensive regions whose excellent agricultural possibilities have not been properly exploited due to faulty organization, lack of necessary credits and scientific guidance.

The aim of President Ruiz Cortines is, in other words, to elevate the productivity of the nation's arable soil to its utmost capacity and thereby to create within the shortest period of time an abundant supply, which, supplemented by an effectively controlled system of distribution, will alleviate the lot of the common man. This is a thoroughly realistic approach toward the solution of the gravest problem confronted by Mexico.

Peon and Ejidatario

By Sylvia Martín

TRAVELING through Mexico, you come to accept as part of the landscape the massive stone walls of the hacienda with the rural village clustered around it or standing at a respectful distance. And beyond lie the fields, with here and there a yoke of oxen, a laden burro, and a bent, white-clad figure protected against the sun by his sombrero.

Those white figures in the fields all look alike. Even at close hand they are alike. Juan Cabral might be the son of old Rosendo Contreras, sharing his thatched hut, living his life. The two men wear the same traditional unbleached cotton. They both carry goads to direct their wooden-yoked bullocks pulling the primitive plow.

But they are a world apart.

Rosendo Contreras is a serf working for a master. Cabral is an independent farmer who works for himself and his community.

Contreras is a peon on the Hacienda Asunción Viñas. By the grace of his master, the hacendado, he has a little house and a tiny plot of ground that yields beans and maize for his food. He asks for money at the Great House, as he needs it. The crops he produces help the hacendado to live well and enjoy himself in Mexico City. "I was born here, and here I shall die, like my father before me," says Contreras. "And my son will follow."

Juan Cabral is a member of an "ejido," a communal farm. Because of the 1910 revolution, in which his father fought and died, he owns five acres of land and his house. His crops go to join the common pool of the ejido, and he receives directly his share of the money the crops as a unit bring on the market. He elects his ejidal representative to the federal government.

Behind these two men and their separated ways of life is a good part of the history of Mexico.

Before the Spaniards came, Mexican land was held in common by towns and villages. Each family clan

had its plot of ground to work, but there was no private ownership nor any understanding of the concept.

After the Conquest, Spain's colonizers were granted not only huge tracts of land but also their Indian population. The concept of ownership had arrived with a vengeance—it meant physical possession of people as well as of property. Where the fort-like hacienda and church rose over the Indian temples, the people became slaves. Nowhere in Latin America did so few people own so much land. Nowhere were so many without.

Mexico's agrarian revolution was delayed a hundred years beyond the political revolution which brought her freedom from Spain. Not until 1911 did a man arise from among the peons to give voice and meaning to their discontent. "Land and liberty!" Emilio Zapata transformed the old communal idea into an ideal. "We shall not lay down our arms," he cried, "until the ejidos of our villages are restored to us." And before he died the great sugar haciendas of his native state of Morelos lay in ruins, and the demand for agrarian reforms echoed the length and breadth of Mexico. The government was forced to undertake a redistribution of the land.

During the past twenty-five years millions of acres were divided among millions of peasants. Much of it had been expropriated from large haciendas. Credit and technical aid were offered by the government toward the formation of co-operative farms, or ejidos.

The agrarian revolution, however, in progress now as evolution, has moved slowly. There are still corners of Mexico into which it has scarcely penetrated at all. Rosendo Contreras, the peon, is only one of thousands still living in medievalism. The revolution passed them by. And today many Mexicans are asking, "How long can hacienda and ejido live peacefully side by side?"

Ejidos differ. Some are little more than buying

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Wood Engraving.

By Juan M. Anaya.



Water Color.

By Charles X. Carlson.

Strange Fruit and Priceless Treasure

By Hudson Strode

THOUGH tourists may sit all around the Oaxaca cathedral at different cafés and look at its exterior from every angle, few go inside. Begun in 1553, its construction proceeded at a leisurely pace for a century and three-quarters. It was completed in 1730, two years before the birth of George Washington. Like most Mexican churches, it has endured pilferage as well as bombardment. Not all the sculptured saints in their niches could prevent the pilfering of the paintings, the silver, the ornaments. And the interior architecturally has no remarkable distinction.

The visitor of only one day, however, is invariably taken to see the Church of Santo Domingo, a few minutes' walk to the north, on the Plaza del Rosario. Many enthusiasts consider its interior the most splendid in all Mexico. The edifice was erected by the Dominicans and is the crowning temporal glory of their order in the Western Hemisphere. It was begun in 1575 on no more than a silken shoestring—two and a half pesos, according to tradition. But during the century of construction, the building fund swelled to a dozen million pesos. To behold the massive walls of the exterior one would not suspect the elaboration of detail and the extraordinary fancy within.

The outside, defensive against mundane calamities such as earthquake shocks or cannon fire, is merely a strongbox to safeguard the jewelry within. But here, too, stout walls and holy prayers have not been proof against military vandals. Here, too, pictures were torn from their frames and used for tarpaulins; the silver and gold of the high altar was melted to fit into thieving officers' pockets; the exquisite carved wood of the choir was split up to make bivouac fires. But the chief splendor, which lies overhead, has remained largely undefiled. There in the decoration of the barrel-arched ceiling, the baroque reaches its climax in Mexico. The entire ceiling is covered with sculpture in high relief, heavy with multicolored enamel and gold leaf. The busts of hundreds of saints

hang like strange fruit amid the weighty grape clusters. The walls ooze with the same sort of painted and bespangled figures. Though the plastic designs are fantastic, the colors are as soft as the polychrome angel fish—with pearl-pink, turquoise, and pale-gold predominating. In the dim cathedral illumination, one has the feeling of entering a mammoth cave of bizarre stalactites.

In the most ornate chapel, the decoration takes the form of a genealogical tree with a heavenly hierarchy branching out into noted Dominican Brothers. It is as strange as an Alice-in-Wonderland creation, with the saints' faces peering out among the vine leaves and enchain'd by loops of pale-pink tubes, which reminded Aldous Huxley of nothing so much as coils of tripe. Despite the century of devoted labor of hundreds of sculptors up on dizzying scaffolds, the gorgeous effect is hardly conducive to spiritualizing the thought. The labyrinth of wonders above is distracting.

Yet the Church of Santo Domingo is indubitably something not to be missed as a tourist attraction. And there might be a temporal blessing for the seeker who paused to read the inscription at the left of the entrance penned by wordly-wise, devout King Solomon. There under a statue of a blinded Virgin of Sorrows are two supplicating verses of King Solomon which may be as serviceable today for contemporary Gentiles as they were for ancient Hebrews at the dedication of the great Temple.

"On Lord! Most High God! Look upon this thy temple with element eyes. Hearken to the supplications which we make thee and which thy children will make thee in the succession of time when, laden with their offerings and their tears, they come to implore thy pardon for their sins, to lament their misfortune, to pray for rain for their crops, to invoke thy aid against plague and hunger in the days of the just punishment.

When strangers from far countries come hither attracted by the greatness of thy name; when those who doubt, those who falter, and those who suffer enter this holy place, hear them, Lord; shower upon them thy kindness and thy mercy."

The church itself continues to draw in the faithful and the curious like the seine cast on the right side of the ship. But the vast monastery adjoining the church, which once housed the Dominican Brothers, is now used for a military prison. The change in the category of inmates is significant of some of the differences in Mexico since the days of Juárez. But the prisoners can still watch the swallows building their mud nests on the stone ledges just as the friars did, and listen to the mockingbirds singing the same notes by moonlight. They can hear the prim steps of donkeys on the cobblestones in late afternoons and the swish of rush brooms cleaning the sidewalks in the early morning. From the prison windows they can no longer see religious processions, for these are forbidden by law. But they can catch glimpses of Indians going to the market with their craftwork and their produce—to sell green glazed pottery or mangoes perhaps, and to buy salt or a machete. For despite the changes in political thought and ecclesiastical dominance, life's routine goes on in Oaxaca much in its wonted way, soft-voiced, and without any high-tensioned activity.

* * *

The pervading quality of restfulness that belongs to Oaxaca extends into the museum. There is not enough to tire one with looking, and everything is happily arranged. Its great upper chamber, shaped like a small ballroom, contains the stirring mementos brought forth from Tomb No. 7 at Monte Albán. In this spacious room there are no crude idols with their hideous, obscene faces, no fragments of primitive weapons and elemental cooking utensils over which some people go into an ecstasy. Here are clues to a culture that knew refinements. Here is evidence of artists of delicate perception and invention, men who saw beauty in their mind's eye and who had the skill to execute it in precious metal. In case after case jewelry and artifacts bear evidence of a people of superior taste. There are elaborate necklaces wrought of gold and sea shells, pearls, and jade. There are breastplates set with amethysts, and sophisticated masks and tiger heads and most intricate filigree work studded with turquoises. There are cups fashioned of silver and copper, and exquisitely chaste bowls of quartz. There is a rock-crystal chalice so lovely one wishes Keats might have seen it, for it starts speculations on the quality of what human mouth touched its lip and what dark fingers caressed its grace.

But the people who created these things for their use and their adornment remain yet a mystery. They had disappeared centuries before the Spaniards came to Mexico. Happily they had hidden their treasure so skillfully that it was not brought out from the tombs until the 1930's. Cortés's fortune-hunters did not find the precious cache to melt down or tear to pieces for the intrinsic value. And because these objects under glass were saturated with antiquity and mystery as well as beauty, their value was a hundred thousand times the worth of the raw materials.

Besides the two major attractions of the Church of Santo Domingo and the State Museum and the lesser one of the house of Juárez's youth, there was a fourth triple-starred sight we never got around to seeing. It lay within a few minutes' walk of the plaza cafés, and again and again we purposed to visit it. But just when we would rise from our seat under an arch of the portales, some new person would turn up—an ar-

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chaeologist, a lawyer, a young Mexican army officer who had been stationed in a puma-prowling hinterland—and we would order another beer, or coffee, or lime sherbet, and plan for mañana. As far as the Church of La Soledad went, mañana never came for us. The postponement was disrespectful, for within the edifice resides the patroness of the state of Oaxaca—the southern rival of the famous Virgin of Guadalupe. This Lady of Solitude is locally reputed to have powers as miraculous as those of her northern prototype, and she is only a few years younger.

According to the story, in 1543 a strange donkey with a long box strapped to its back appeared in the midst of a mule train on its way to Guatemala from Vera Cruz. At the very spot where the church now stands, not far from the railway station, the donkey dropped dead. In the box was found a sweet-faced image with a label that read "Our Lady of Solitude at the Foot of the Cross." After consultation and meditation the wise bishop declared a fiesta in her honor. And ever since, the eighteenth of December has been celebrated as the most blessed day in the Oaxacan year.

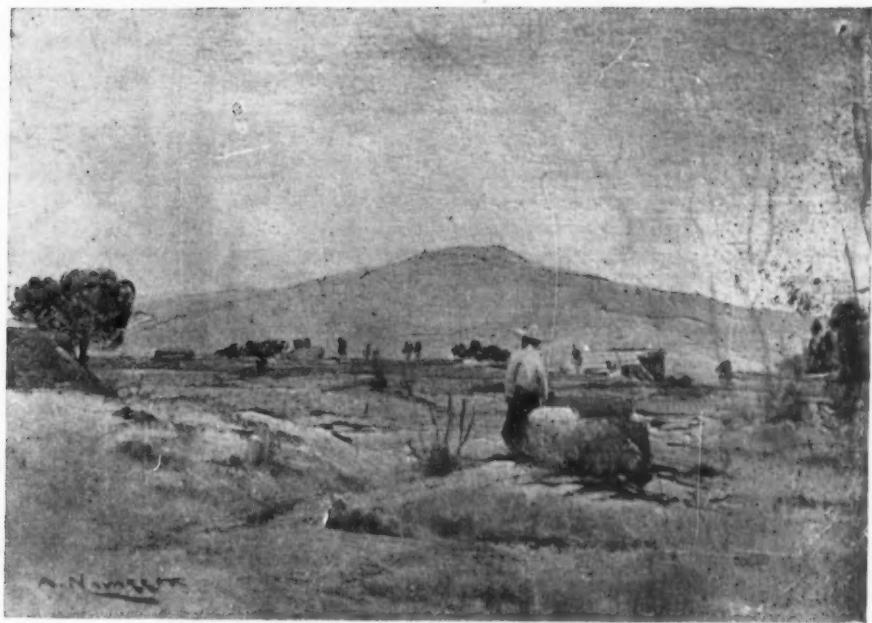
Indians from the farthest reaches of the spreading state come to the capital to pay homage to their patroness, and to make merry with much eating and drinking and continuous band music. As recently as 1909, the lonely Virgin, who wears black encrusted in pearls and brilliants, was crowned with a golden diadem that cost one hundred and fifty thousand pesos. Like a queen of flesh and blood, she has ladies in waiting who dress and attend her. Formerly they were nuns of noble lineage. Now they are impoverished aristocrats, whose fortunes went with the winds of revolution. Each night, so I was told, two of these local ladies in waiting attend the Mother of Christ to the privacy of her own little room, and there disrobe her and lay her to rest. For their pains they receive a special blessing of consolation.

* * *

Instead of stirring on pilgrim feet, we sat beguiled by the slow-moving pageantry of the streets and thinking each hour knew how delightful an institution is the plaza. Its contribution to the charm of a town and to the happiness of the citizenry can hardly be overestimated. It is a blessed oasis in a wearisome desert of daily living. Here is beneficent shade from the sun's too-muchness. Here the world and his wife mingle without a sense of protocol or privilege. The legless beggar and the palsied old marqués leaning on a gold-headed stick fit concordantly into the same composition. The ragamuffin bootblack and the smartly dressed young lady back from her four years in the Baltimore convent take the same sort of seat at this outdoor concert hall, where the band plays every night. Indians traveled from afar roll up in their blankets and use the plaza for a hotel. Old women squatting at the curb, cooking piquant stews over braziers, make restaurants for the humble out of it. Young lovers use it for rendezvous. College boys preparing for examinations make it a study hall. To little children from every category of home life, it is a common nursery.

A mestizo countryman guides a pair of yoked white oxen with a slender pole and soft commands right through the motor traffic. Indians in white pajama suits make transitory streaks like chalk marks as they move along the faded green walls. A barefoot Indian woman passes bearing an unruffled turkeycock upside down. She walks noiselessly on tiny bare feet that no kilometers of walking on hard roads through the centuries seem able to spoil. Oaxaca, you say again to yourself or aloud, seems so right in tone and qua-

Continued on page 62



O.3.

By A. Navarrete.

Big-Game Hunting ain Cow Pasture

By John W. Hilton

IT ALL started out with a story about "giants," overheard one afternoon in the office of my friend Kirby in Ciudad Obregón. Kirby hadn't actually seen the bones of the "giant," but the druggist had some in his back room, and they had been causing considerable conjecture in the community. The thing sounded too wild to be true, but we thought as long as we were seeing the country we might just as well look over "giant bones" as anything else, so down the dusty street we trooped to the druggist's.

By the time we had arrived the bones had caused so much commotion that the proprietor of the drugstore had placed some of the most striking ones in a glass case. There they lay, as big as you please, among the herbs and laxative pills. If the druggist had boasted a show window, they would doubtless have had an honored spot, but now they were forced to compete with patent remedies and assorted rubber goods.

I am not a paleontologist, but I have been interested in vertebrate fossils since my teens, when I used to spend summer afternoons helping Dr. J. Z. Gilbert clean tar from the remains of sabertoothed tigers from the La Brea pits, near Los Angeles. There is something about such things that gets in one's blood, and never wholly disappears. There are countless sub-varieties of the collecting virus, and at different times in my life I have been exposed to a rather wide selection. Unfortunately, most of them remain at least in a latent form, and a sight such as we found in the druggist's showcase is all that is needed to bring on a fresh relapse, with all of its startling symptoms. There, gleaming dully in the midst of that pile of bones, was a perfect tooth of a Rhynchotherian mastodon. I looked at Howard, and Howard looked at me. We agreed that we were practically off on a fossil hunt—as soon as we found out a few of the essential facts; such as the location and the accessibility of the "ancient graveyard," so glowingly described by the pharmacist.

We had planned on resuming our journey southward in the morning; but after finding that the bones came from the farm of the druggist's cousin, only a day's trip away, Howard suddenly realized that there would be just as many insects to collect in this sierra as in any other. I felt sure there would be subjects for my paint brush; and we could sort of collect fossils on the side.

The next morning we were off with our wives and possessions, after posting a letter to the Frick Foundation of Vertebrate Paleontology of the American Museum of Natural History. We happened to know that mastodons were one of their strong interests, and we proposed to them that we make a small reconnaissance collection, and map the new field, while we were in the vicinity.

We were armed with a letter of introduction to the cousin, whose name was Jesus Pennenuneri. It seems that Jesus P., who operated a small store in the village, was the brother of the ranch owner who had found the bones. The brother was named, fittingly enough, "Angel." It sounded like a holy family, but, after we met them, we agreed that it must have been due to a very devout mother.

Jesus Pennenuneri owned not only the one store in town, but also the largest house. When he had read the letter from his cousin he told us the house was ours, and he seemed to mean it. Nothing would do but we unpack and make ourselves at home. We insisted on paying our way, since we might stay some time, and finally he consented to this, as we were adamant on the matter, pointing out that we would have to sleep and eat someplace while we hunted bones. Our letter of introduction had described us as "Doctors of Science" (which neither of us was), but it impressed the population no end. Before we had unpacked half our things, folks began to arrive with all sorts of natural and historical curiosities. We bought some

of the stone hammers and other Indian relics, but postponed purchasing any bones, or teeth, until the finders would show us where they originated. To have paid out money for these would have been the spark setting off a regular gold rush in fossils which would probably destroy valuable data, and many perfectly good specimens. It was hard to turn down rare fossil teeth, offered for a Mexican dime, each; but we held out with promises of much better reward to those willing to take us to the source of their discoveries.

* * *

We started out, bright and early, to visit the ranch of Angel P. He was a charming fellow and said we were more than welcome to all the bones we wanted from his pasture land; but we would have to wait until he finished his wheat threshing, before he could let us have riding horses. That is how we came to see our first back-country threshing. We soon forgot our impatience to see the "honeyard."

Angel had built a new house, and we had to inspect it. The beams and upright timbers were of a hard brown wood that was unfamiliar to us, and we asked what it was. When we were told it was mesquite, we found it hard to believe. The mesquite of our desert would not produce anything larger than a fence post, straight enough to be used; but here were twenty-foot timbers, square with an adze from giant mesquite trees that were growing about us, literally so tall that we hadn't recognized them as our old desert friends in a subtropical setting.

There was quite a noise outside—the trample of horses' hoofs and the cries of vaqueros. They had started the threshing. A large corral inclosed a stack of cut wheat. The horses and mules of the ranch were herded in an adjoining corral, and as we came out to witness the event, the gates were opened and the animals driven round and round the stack of wheat at a gallop. Each circle cut more and more wheat from the center stack. It dropped to the hard-packed threshing floor, where it was trampled by the running hoofs. The ranch hands kept the herd moving with long poles, poked through the corral bars, and shouts that echoed from the nearby hills. It was quite a sight. We wished for a movie camera to supplement our still pictures. I got out my paints and made a quick sketch.

In what seemed a very short time, the whole stack had been trampled to a pulp, and the stock was transferred back to the empty corral. It was the old story of "many hands make a light work," only this time it was hoofs.

We accepted Angel's invitation to lunch before we rode out to the hunt; and while we were eating our beans and tortillas and drinking our black coffee, he explained the rest of the wheat-threshing process. Stacked against the wall were some of the tools. Pitchforks had been ingeniously fashioned from the ribs of the giant cardon cactus. Taking advantage of the toughness of this plant's structural skeleton, the hill folks produce a great many useful articles. In this case, a heavy main rib was used for the handle. It had been cut so that several flaring ribs branched from it, where it connected with one of the "arms" of the plant. These flaring ribs had been trimmed and sharpened to form the tines of the fork and, after being soaked in water for a few days, had been dried under a weight, to hold the tines in line. The other winnowing tool was made from a cactuswood handle with a flat, very light wooden shovel attached.

Their operation was very simple. The straw was first forked away from the grain and chaff and then, when the wind was favorable, the final cleaning of the grain took place. Men, armed with these light wooden shovels scooped up grain and chaff and tossed into

the air. The chaff blew to one side, and the grain fell in a neat pile.

Our host served us a very tasty sweet for dessert, and for a moment I was afraid I had lost a fossil-hunting partner, to the science of entomology. Each serving was a complete wasps' nest, about the size of a saucer. It was divided into cells, like an ordinary honey-comb. It had a flat surface below and a shallow conical back, terminating in a small "stem" where the nest had been attached to the limb of the tree. These were eaten whole, like cookies, wax and all. In fact, on closer inspection, we found that some of the cells contained eggs; but that didn't seem to spoil the flavor, which was really very mild and pleasing. We saved Howard for paleontology, when he discovered that certain small boys collected these nests at five centavos each, and would be glad to furnish a series much cheaper, and with fewer stings, than he could possibly do it himself.

* * *

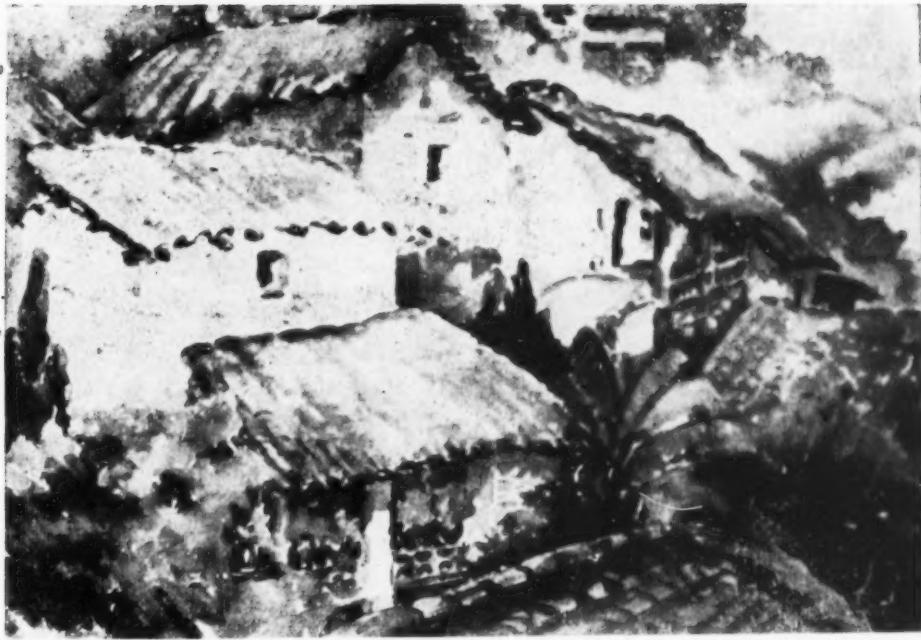
It was only about three miles over the hill to the pasture land where the bones were to be found, and we were soon inspecting the area with keen interest. It was an old playa or lakebed which had originally had no outlet. Silt from the surrounding hills had gradually filled this basin to a point where water had found its way over the brink to a steep canyon below. Now the lakebed was being carried away, by erosion, through a network of shallow gullies converging on the comparatively new overflow. Bones were everywhere. In no time, we realized that this was no ordinary deposit. Real geologic history was here for anyone to understand who wished to spend the time and do a little plain deductive reasoning. The arrangement of bones made it obvious that the animals had met death in the spot where they had been preserved. Bones, not carried by recent erosion, were articulated as in life. The animals had obviously been trapped in mud, where they had been buried by subsequent deposits.

Mastodon, giant bison, and a huge armored sloth-like animal called the glyptodon were the most striking animals found the first day; but, as we covered the area, the list became larger and included many smaller forms.

It took little imagination to realize that these beasts had been driven by some common catastrophe into mud of the ancient lake, where they had sunk and been preserved for posterity. A little digging soon disclosed the nature of this catastrophe. The mud was interspersed with thin layers of volcanic ash and small lava bombs, imbedded in what must have been soft mire at the time of eruption. There were even light streaks, marking the paths of these hot stones as they had penetrated the mud. In some places we found bits of ash which, under a handglass, showed wood structure. We also found pieces of charcoal, from a forest that must have burned to the very edges of the lake. Later digging produced fragile leaf casts, some charred and others, just slightly darker stains, in the mud; but all unmistakably leaves that had been driven ahead of the fire, and had fallen into the muck. Nature had set a gigantic trap and sprung it on what must have been a rather complete cross section of the fauna of that time. It was a fossil hunter's paradise.

We didn't carry anything except some of the very durable teeth, the first day; but the next day, and for two weeks thereafter, we were as busy beavers, uncovering, shellacking, and placing in plaster casts remains of animals that had disappeared from the earth millions of years before the older civilizations. The girls fell into the spirit of the thing, and we had a hard time getting them to leave in time to get back for supper, each evening. Material was so plentiful

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Water Color.

By Myrtle Frankovits.

The Native Home and the Village

By Trent Elwood Sanford

ALL through the Colonial era in Mexico, while churches and palaces were being built and lavishly decorated, just as all the while, centuries before, pyramids and temples were being built, the native Indians continued to live in the very simplest of homes, just as they do to this day. To the cities, in addition to churches and palaces, the Spaniards had brought their houses, their fountains, and their pattern of life; but in the villages the Indian domestic pattern remained substantially unchanged. The pattern is much the same throughout the country; it is only the construction of the native dwelling that varies, and this variation is due to geographic nature of the soil.

In the typical native dwelling of the hot country, on the slopes of the gulf coast especially, and rather generally all through the extreme south of Mexico, which was never as thoroughly penetrated by the Spaniards as was the plateau, walls are of poles set upright and tied together at intervals horizontally with other slender poles or stalks, either singly or in bundles. Whatever wood is available is employed, bamboo being commonly used. In some localities the trunks of vines or branches of saplings are used. Roofs are of thatch, the material varying from grasses or palms to the long, sharp-pointed leaves of the maguey. In districts where the vegetation is less dense, even in the hot country, walls are of mud mixed with chopped straw and daubed on against a framework of vertical poles, and with horizontal bands of branches used for reinforcing; or of adobe, with roofs of Spanish tile where the villagers could afford it. Where stones are available they are used in walls, set in mortar of mud. The more pretentious houses have walls of rubble or

adobe, with the front fastidiously coated with gleaming white stucco, and, sometimes, alas, a roof of corrugated iron.

The houses are usually rectangular in shape, although in rare instances, as in parts of the Mixteca Alta far to the south and in parts of the state of Guerrero, they are of circular form with conical roof of thatch, a form which may be the result of African influence, since certain sections of that country have a large population of African negroes who are descendants of slaves.

In some heavily wooded districts, where timber is plentiful, such as in parts of the state of Michoacán to the west, and on the highlands of Vera Cruz, which separate the plateau from the gulf coast, the houses are constructed of heavy logs or timbers closely and neatly joined; and the rather steeply pitched hipped roofs are covered with long and narrow hand-split wood shingles. Villages of such houses can be seen along the road that winds from Carapan on the Western Highway through a fascinating country of forests and odd volcanic formations down to semi-tropical Uruapan, and on the foggy and wet wooded crags above Jalapa, on the way to the Gulf.

But on most of the plateau adobe is the material almost universally employed for walls. With half of the total population of the country, it is on the great plateau that the all-important cultivation of maize has been most successful; and it is that section which, in addition to its cities, contains the greatest number of villages made up of native dwellings, dwellings which, though showing some blends of Indian and Spanish custom, are still largely pre-Columbian in many respects.

Again there is some variation in materials and construction, but the principal pattern of the home and its equipment is very much the same throughout the plateau; and because of its prevalence the typical dwelling and its makeup merits some description. The house group, or "three-part house," composed of godhouse, kitchen, and granary, dates from Aztec times and probably earlier. The house proper is rectangular and usually of adobe, with a roof which is flat and composed of flat tiles or bricks in two layers with an insulating layer of mud between, or is covered with curved Spanish roofing tiles laid on a wood framework. Variations from this are dictated not only by natural conditions already mentioned but by material wealth or lack of it. Poverty sometimes prescribes a roof of thatch in place of tiles, or walls of wattles or cornstalks.

* * *

Adobe, which is Mexico's most common building material, is a mixture of mud and straw formed into blocks usually about four by twelve by twenty-four inches in size and baked in the sun. It is easily handled and is an excellent insulator against changes in temperature. Walls of adobe are usually set on stone foundations, often the rubble of earlier structures. Adobe bricks are made by anyone who may be building a new house or repairing an old one; and it is not uncommon in remote districts to come upon a workman stripping the turf to make a batch for his own use.

Sometimes the most primitive devices are used in connection with this hand manufacture. In the state of Guanajuato I have seen many primitive well-sweeps, operated on the same general principle as the ancient Egyptian shadoof, and used not only for irrigation but in the making of adobe. Where a forked tree is available it is used as a support, while a long pole tied to a beam resting on the forked branches has a lifting weight, or counterpoise, at one end, made up of a heavy log tied to the pole, and at the other end a rope with a bucket attached which, operated by hand, draws water from the well, merely a deep hole of small diameter. With the somewhat reluctant permission of the overseer I had stopped to photograph such a device being used in the irrigation of a field; and a few miles farther along, on a barren plain, I saw, to my delight, a similar sweep being employed in making adobe. The turf had been stripped for material, a batch of mud bricks was lying in the sun, and a peon with a youthful helper was drawing water for another batch. The flat, barren mud plain, the primitive well-sweep, the mud bricks laid out on the ground to dry, the dark faces and white clothes of the man and boy working industriously there, made a picture which was quite Egyptian in appearance. (Not to be construed as indicating a cultural relationship.) For a photograph the scene was irresistible. But those busy artisans felt differently about it. Wild gestures and emphatic shouts have convinced the most meddling of foreigners that a photograph of them was not desired.

The variation in color of adobe is considerable. In some localities it is a cold light gray, in others so dark as to be almost black, while in places where the color of the earth so dictates, it is a warm brown or may be even a bright orange-red.

But to return to the native house group of the plateau. In addition to the "godhouse," there is often a separate kitchen, sometimes merely a flimsy lean-to, built against the house, in other cases an entirely separate structure. Sometimes it is of adobe like the house, sometimes of poles, with a roof of thatch.

The storehouse completes the main group and may take one of several forms. The "ohuatlapil, made of

cornstalks tied together in a circle, is used to contain maize on the cob. A variation of it is the square "cincoite," constructed of poles at the four corners connected by slender staves laid horizontally, built as high as necessary to contain the maize to be stored and diminishing in height as the supply of maize diminishes. A characteristic feature of the countryside is the "cuezcomate," a granary built of clay in the form of a great vase or urn, used for storing shelled corn. It has a thatched roof, often extending higher than that of the house.

Another structure commonly used and dating from pre-Columbian times is the "temazcal," or sweat house. It is not necessarily part of the individual home group, however, as several families usually share one. It is a low structure made of stone set in mortar, with a dome-shaped roof (or sometimes it has a low peaked roof of clay applied to timbers), and with an entrance so low as to make it necessary for one to crawl on his hands and knees to enter. A fire built inside heats the stones, after which, water thrown upon the hot stones produces steam for a sweat bath. Where stone is not available, the structure may be of wattle and daub, mud and chopped straw neatly plastered over a framework of poles, with perhaps the design of a cross on the front, worked in the mixture of mud, to insure a successful therapeutic treatment.

The more fastidious home group has a separate stone structure, similar in size and form to the sweat house, for housing turkeys and chickens, though they often occupy a corner of the dwelling of the family. Incidentally, the turkey which graces our Thanksgiving tables has a Mexican ancestry. The bird to which we pay such homage on that day and put up with for a week afterward is not a descendant of the wild turkey found in our eastern states, but has for a great-great-grandfather the domestic fowl of the Aztecs, introduced by the Spaniards to Europe and re-introduced into this country. It is a popular bird in Mexico, especially in Puebla where a specialty is turkey buried (I use the word advisedly) in a sauce to produce "mole Poblano." But to get back, again, to the native home. A thatched or tiled roof built on poles in the corner of the yard protects the family burro or horse. The organ caetus sometimes serves as a fence to shield the house group from the road, growing so close together as to be quite impenetrable, even for prying eyes.

* * *

The house itself in its simplest and most common form is of one room, with a single entrance and a floor of dirt. Where there is more than one room it has a separate entrance. There are no windows (or perhaps one or two square openings, but without glass), and no chimney. The domestic equipment is chiefly pre-Columbian and consists principally of the simple stone hearth, sometimes plastered; the griddle, or clay in the simple home, of iron in the more progressive home; the metate, or stone for grinding maize; and the pot in which the maize is cooked. The charcoal brazier, made of iron, has found its way into some homes. Auxiliary equipment is largely pre-Columbian, one exception being the steel knife, which is universally used, another the oil can, yoked two together and swung over the shoulder to carry water. In many places this device has replaced the pottery jar.

The bed is a mat (petate) or sometimes is of bamboo splints stretched on a framework of posts; a simple wood bench without back is commonly used; and a wood table (not always present) and perhaps a chest complete the list of major items of furniture, except for the domestic shrine—sometimes only a picture of a saint, but more often a carved and painted Virgen or

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Oil.

By José L. Gutiérrez.

Pilgrimage

By Dane Chando

LIGHTNING is with us all the summer. It forks and it shimmers and it zips, and sometimes it pulsates for seconds on end. It is white and yellow and greenish and bluish and carnation pink. It has given rise to legends. They say that, in the seventeenth century, the storms in Guadalajara were so severe that repeatedly bellringers in the churches were killed, so that at last they brought into the city the most venerated virgin of the neighborhood, she of Zapopan, who is one of three similar images brought to Jalisco by the first settlers from Spain. Her sisters are at Talpa and San Juan de los Lagos, and all three wear much wealth in jewels. Ever since that first summer, centuries ago, she has passed the whole rainy season in Guadalajara, from June through September, staying two weeks in each church. Since she began to make her sojourn the storms have never again been so violent, and when, in the first days of October every year, she is taken back to her own shrine outside the city, a great pilgrimage goes with her in thanksgiving.

There is nothing like a pilgrimage for displaying on a small canvas the character of a whole people, and when a Mexican makes a vow he sets about it in his own way. Not for him the crowded pilgrim trains and busy boardinghouses of middleclass Lourdes nor the remote intensity and rain-washed faith of misty Croaghpatrick. His own faith came from sunnier lands,

and his romerías recall, rather, the splendid church pageants of Seville, Montserrat, and Loreto, or the autumn pilgrimage to Montevergine when Naples spills its vivid multitudes in murmuring thousands across the corn fields of Campania.

Clearly much of the spirit of the Mexican romería was imported by the conquistadors, yet generations before the days of Cortés Indios were traveling in their thousands from all over Anahuac to the shrine of the air god, Quetzalcoatl, on the summit of his forty-acre pyramid at Cholula, where later the Spaniards installed the Virgen de los Remedios. To this day they answer the clangor of her bells as once they obeyed the summons of the Teponaztli, the sacred drum of ancient Mexico. The change has, perhaps, been less fundamental than Prescott would have us believe, for Remedios too understands warriors and has witnessed the shedding of blood, and, like her rival Guadalupe, patron of the revolution, she held a general's rank during the struggle for independence.

Our Lady of Zapopan wears a jeweled sword, for she too is a general, and her progress is as much a triumph as any enjoyed by Caesar or Pompey. Of course, the journey is a matter of only four or five miles, and the ardor and enthusiasm of the crowds are therefore unabated through fatigue or exposure. She is very renowned, for she has often crowned prayer with fulfillment, and this, coupled with her acces-

sibility, has brought her numerous ex-voto pictures, little oil paintings on metal, illustrating incidents in which her help was besought or recognized. So many has she received that they are stolen in quantities and sold to those interested in such things. I once saw a suitcase containing hundreds, all from Zapopan, two of which I have before me as I write. One of them depicts a she-ass with the Virgin of Zapopan hovering in one corner and a legend stating that by her aid the animal, which had been lost, was found again. The other shows an improbable green hill over which a man in white pajamas is walking with a leisurely gait, while a yard or two behind him three soldiers are in hot pursuit with red and yellow flames darting from the muzzles of their guns. We are told the man was not hurt!

"In the house of my aunt who lives in Zapopan there are many such pictures," Candelaria told me, "but they do not call my attention. My aunt is pious and rich; I have seen where she hides her centavos under the floor. But I shall not make the struggle this year. You see, when I stay with her I cannot sleep, for, imagine to yourself, señor, though her bed is of the finest iron, little animals attack it all night."

Many Ajijic folk go to Zapopan every year, those who travel afoot or on donkeyback setting out three or four days in advance, for though it is no great distance and the fiesta lasts officially one day only, the whole jaunt takes a week. This year Venustiano had taken a vow to make the pilgrimage, goaded as usual, I think, by his wife. I took Verna round to see him, and we found him in his yard pruning a castor-oil tree so as to let in the sunlight to a small, tired-looking begonia cutting.

"Oh yes, I'm going," he said, swinging his sarape around him with the air of a Roman senator. "They say it's a very fine fiesta, if you care for things of that sort."

Verna is keen on folklore in the same way that she is keen on antiques, lectures, local handicrafts, psychology, and most of those other subjects suitably close to the heart of the average well-to-do New England lady. She fell hard for the idea of attending Our Lady to Zapopan.

"I can't wait to see those quaint old dances and all the cunning costumes," she said. "And I still have a roll of Kodachrome. We could stop over in Guadalajara on our way to the border, Eliot, and then we could all go together. Couldn't we, Eliot?"

I have to go to Guadalajara every week to buy these things for the inn that Ajijic and Chapala do not provide, so it was decided that we meet in the city on the eve of the feast of Zapopan. I made an early start and spent the morning going about my various chores. At a little before two o'clock I called round at the hotel and found Verna and Eliot in the bar, arguing about something, and the air was such that I thought I wouldn't get myself involved.

"Look," I said, "I'm going to the market now. I can't do any more shopping round here because all the shops are closed until four."

"Isn't that crazy!" said Verna. Her fingers were pulling at the big emerald engagement ring on her left hand, and her bright blue eyes snapped critically round the bar, taking everything in.

"No, Verna," I said. "It isn't crazy. The Mexicans like it that way, and what you have just said implies, in a nutshell, why Mexicans fear economic control from the United States. They dread the intrusion into their private life and habits."

"Exactly," said Eliot, chomping on his cigar and not agreeing with me in the very least. "It's all a question of individual liberty, Verna. Free people don't like someone else telling them what they must do, and that is why I won't go all the way to Zapopan on foot."

We went to bed early that night and left word to be called at four o'clock in the morning. At half past, Verna and I met for a thermos of coffee downstairs in the lobby. Eliot had complained of a headache and refused to get up, and from the expression on Verna's face I decided it was prudent to let the subject drop.

Together we went out into the street. All night the crowds had made merry. The bars had been filled till a late hour, and the jingle of music had permeated every quiet plaza and patio in the city. Now began the drift northward, out of town. Up the fashionable Avenida Vallarta the people moved, an endless tide of variegated color in the headlights of a thousand cars, which slowly nosed their way through the press. We joined them at once, for you must go early to see the best of the ceremony.

The Lady herself starts before dawn from the Church of San Felipe, riding in a carriage whose roof is surmounted by a huge crown of fresh flowers. Behind the carriage walk the plumed, caparisoned black horses, for they are never allowed to draw the Lady's coach but are always replaced by pious human muscle. For months now, in church after church throughout the city, she has stood in splendor, stiff and jeweled and adored, a flame of flowers and candles tiered in worship beneath her pedestal. Now she was going home to her white church amid the quiet groves of Zapopan. And she did not go alone. Around her and after her came the pilgrims, and before her they streamed in their thousands down the dark road: poor women muffled in shawls, some praying as they went, some kneeling down every ten paces; rich girls, with hair elaborately arranged under the black chiffon veil, with mother and aunts hovering at their sides to help them over rough places, for they were barefoot, having taken a vow; Indios lying down, rising, lying down again, measuring the whole road out from the city with their bodies; others, half naked, their flesh pierced by cactus thorns.

"They're cuckoo," said Verna.

A well-dressed city boy went by, his face, in the flare of a torch, long and yellow and solemn, out of a Spanish picture, his eyes fixed ahead high up in the darkness and his bare feet bleeding. Then there were the dancers.

All the way down the road the groups were scattered, thirty or forty strong, unearthly under the fire of torches, magic under the rainbow-colored umbrellas of rocket-borne stars, each group in a different fancy dress, each doing a different step, each with its little band of musicians, fiddling, blowing horns and fifes, and drumming out on rattles its sharp, individual rhythm. The firecrackers snapped; the metal disks clattered. Nightmare faces appeared and vanished in the gloom—here, broad, mongoloid features smothered in lipstick and glittering sequins; there, a flour-white vacuous mask, glassy-eyed, whose long black beard rippled over its wearer's gnarled brown chest. All the way, amid gusts of incense and garlic, dancing and prancing, in faith and folly, wondrous and infantile and pathetic; all the way, out from the city to the wide gracious church in its great court among the cypresses; each year the Indios came dancing. For centuries they have come stamping tum-ta-tóm-tum to a Christian shrine, and nobody knows whether they had been coming year by year long before that, long before the conquest. They were gallant and noble and dedicated, and yet they were a little sickening too, with their dressing up and their ritual airheating and their glad, profitless penance. And we too walked along with the pilgrims, Verna and I, upheld by no faith, dedicated to no penance, sightseers come to see a show.

"Look," said Verna. "Those are tight already."

The group of dancing Indios, aglitter in the torchlight with murky red and peacock, swayed and tottered

ed as they stamped along, tum-ta-tóm-tum. Their faces were tense black masks and only out of the shadow between brow and cheekbone there shone wild gleams that were their eyes. Yes, Verna, they are tight. But with what? With drink, or with exhaustion, or with fervor? For months now, in distant villages, they have practiced their steps, and here they are, those with vows to fulfill, and those who have come to buy, and sell, and cheat, and worship, and steal, and get drunk, and whore. At foot-high image, a satin puppet all bediamonded, is a splendid pretext for a binge.

We were now more than halfway to Zapopan, and we climbed the high bank by the roadside to rest a little and watch the crowd go by. Already the eastern sky was smudged with the first streaks of tawny light. Behind us, sleek and green from the rains, calm and empty of people, stretched the most fashionable golf course in western Mexico. Before us, down the road, like a mountain river in spate, foamed and boiled the multitude of pilgrims. As the sun came up, the dark, sweaty Indio faces that had seemed masks became faces again, and the weird dresses—tinsel-banded trousers, shiny robes clasped on one shoulder, tinfoil crowns—seized real colors from the sunrise and stopped being momentary murky glitters. The twin spikes of turquoise light to our left, which had served as a beacon for the last two hours, faded into the ornate and silvery mass of Zapopan's domed and fretted towers.

It was now seven o'clock. Some said the Lady would pass soon after nine. Verna and I walked on into the little town. Here the streets were crammed; the roofs were lined; every window was thickset with people. The crowd became almost impassable for a moment as we turned the last bend into the main street. By the side of the road was a cart that, judging from the leaves around it, had recently been full of sugar cane, and its enterprising owner, his pouch already stuffed with silver pesos, was earning a bonus by turning the empty vehicle into a miniature grandstand. Opposite, a loudspeaker blared out news, instructions, advertisements and rumbas in an unceasing flow. As we moved into the straight avenue that led up to the Lady's church, our footsteps were momentarily deadened. We kicked up some damp sawdust, and there was a smell of disinfectant. In spite of the festivities, the authorities had not neglected the precautions to be taken against the hoof-and-mouth epidemic.

"I suppose they'll make Our Lady get out of her carriage and walk through this," said Verna.

And now we were at the end of our journey. Between ourselves and the massive carved portal milled ten or fifteen thousand people. All the way the road was lined with trophies of giant golden sunflowers bound up with sky-blue and white ribbons, the Lady's colors. On the sidewalk innumerable stall keepers traded in soup, candles, ice cream, balloons, coffee, nuts, colored waters, tortillas, and confetti. Presently I was hailed from a rooftop by some Mexican friends. The door of the house was open, and the people were drifting in and out with the greatest self-possession in order to avail themselves of the drinking fountain, washbasins, and toilet. We went in and, finding, a ladder, climbed up to the roof, where we were greeted by a number of kind people we had never seen. Verna fell silent, and we settled down to wait for the coming of the Lady.

From moment to moment the street presented scenes of ever increasing animation. Fresh bands of dancers continually passed. Our host told us there were about sixty groups in all. Now, in daylight, it could be seen that for the most part the costumes followed the traditional patterns of Indio and conquistador, in endless permutations, though here and there was a Roman soldier, and once Verna pointed out a small party of

what we took to be imps. Still the crowd came pouring through. Little girls offered us streamers, flowers, and confetti to throw when the procession should arrive. A man with no legs went by, wielding his crutches with the utmost speed and agility, followed by his family of seven children, whose mother carried on her head a basket such as Tippet uses for a bed, in which reposed a mountain of tortillas and a very small baby.

By now the sun stood high and it began to get hot. For a while I found a little shade below one of the outspread branches of a tall araucaria that grew in the patio, but it was not easy to resist the lure of the street, and I was soon back again, sitting on the roof balustrade. Below me was a man in a costume trimmed with hundreds of wooden bobbins. I think he must have been a deserter from a group of dancers, for he was evidently feeling the heat more than his neighbors and had made an improvised parasol out of two sticks of sugar cane and a banana leaf. Behind him came one of the more devoted pilgrims, a darkly clad middle-aged woman progressing very slowly, on her knees. It was clear she had come a long way like this, for she was tired to the point of exhaustion. Her face was gray and furrowed with tears of sheer fatigue, and after every two or three steps she would sit back on her heels and rest. A man held either hand, and friendly bystanders spread blankets and sarapes before her as she shuffled painfully along. Presently she drew abreast of a party of dancers, and from the center of the group darted a cavalier in white and lilac satin with plumed hat and rapier at his hip. With a flamboyant, yet somehow reverent, obeisance he spread his glistening rayon cloak in her path, and in a second I was transported from the sunny dust of Mexico to the cool turf of an English cathedral close, to the climax of a pageant, where as a small boy I had gaped in unstinted admiration as Sir Walter Raleigh tendered his humble duty to Queen Elizabeth.

"Here they come," said Verna, as a series of violent explosions interrupted my thoughts.

Smoke puffs filled the sky around us, and into the main street rode the first of the charros. They came in single file along either side of the street, horsemen of every age, and from every town in the state, their jackets frogged and embroidered, their sombreros laced with silver, whips in hand, lariats at the saddle bow, joking with the crowd and slowly closing their ranks to clear the center of the road for the procession that was to follow. Their horses were plump and glossy: blacks, chestnuts, bays, roans, and skewbalds, with here and there an elegant blond palomino. One or two women rode with the men, dressed mostly in the wide skirt and flower-embroidered blouse of the chine poblana costume. They faced inward and dressed their ranks smartly. All the spectators on foot were now excluded from the center of the road, though at one moment, when the mayor's car edged its way through the barrier, it was followed amid shouts of laughter by a ragged urchin who capered gaily up the street, putting out his tongue at the dignified cavalries to right and left.

Then came the procession. First a company of uniformed women—nurses, perhaps—came marching up the street followed by two bands and cars containing officials. When the bands had passed, we heard the singing, the stately solemn measure sung by the Lady's escort as they bore her through the kneeling crowds up the last slope into the town. Dancers preceded her, and a great company of singing Zapopanos bearing her blue and white flags; and these were followed by a concourse of women carrying baskets of every sort of flower, small bunches and huge trophies alike. Then came the Lady herself. She rode in a modest fourwheeler, but two hundred youths drew her

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Patterns of an Old City

AT THE BANK OF A RIVER

SITTING in the booth of the "Gallo Azul" with a girl whose name was Clarita, Mr. Ashleigh repeatedly thought that it was wonderful how under certain circumstances people could achieve complete communication without the utility of words. Indeed, his Spanish vocabulary picked up during the various weeks he had been in Mexico City consisted almost entirely of the expression "*Que bonito!*"; while "*Okeh!*" pronounced with mirthful vehemence and almost invariably followed by a burst of laughter, was about all Clarita had in the way of repartee.

And yet they understood each other perfectly. They could mutually convey all their feelings and thoughts. Through several nights, sitting in a booth like this or stamping about the crowded dance-floor, they carried on an almost wordless yet fluent conversation, merely through gesture and pantomime and the revealing look of the eyes. It was wonderful, he thought, how a man sated with understanding, experience and knowledge, damned to tormenting solitude in the midst of his kith and kin, can find affection and understanding, and stimulating fellowship in a sordid dive of an alien city.

He knew that this discovery was not a delusion. He was no busy pilgrim in search of a tourist's grail. He did not come to Mexico to wind up at the "Gallo Azul." He had no conscious thirst for adventure, and if it had been latent in him it was tempered with irony, intellectual doubts, cool self-mistrust and a shame-faced regard for the mores he may be flouting. He was not deceiving himself. Here everything was open and frank. The garish trimmings were not intended to be a subterfuge. Everything was tawdry and cheap—the tinsel papier-maché decorations, the artless bawdy performers on the rickety stage, the stridulous music. Everything, from the drinks to the girls' smiles, was spurious, adulterated and defiled. It was a place of petty barter, of lowly commerce. And yet it was a place where a man knew what he got for his money, and where he even sometimes got his money's worth.

All this Mr. Ashleigh knew, and he also knew that it was a place for the lonely and disinherited where the value of money lost its rational meaning, for what it bought was either totally worthless or pricelessly precious.

* * *

Driving his car all the way from Boston across the United States, Mr. Ashleigh did not clearly comprehend the purpose of his voyage. Mexico was his goal; but he had no precise idea as to why he had chosen this goal or as to what it may actually define in the end. Hazily he knew that detachment, relaxation and change was his purpose, that he needed to travel far from home and to reach totally different surroundings. And yet he did not quite understand how this distant journey might achieve this vague and intangible purpose.

This was for him an entirely new experience, for excepting occasional routinary business trips, he had not traveled alone in many years. He was impelled by the need of a temporary release, of an escape from his surroundings as much as from himself; but he was highly doubtful about the ultimate results. And yet, while he was hardly conscious of it, as he sat at the wheel and watched the road ahead, and counted the miles he had covered, the sensation of sustain-

By Howard S. Phillips

ed and self-directed physical motion in itself produced a minute sense of detachment and relaxation. For once in his life he was going somewhere entirely on his own volition. He was going to explore a strange, remote terrain, and thereby he might probably explore his own inner self, he might seek the rediscovery of something vitally necessary and wanting.

It was a new and strange experience, and all through his journey he was pursued by a feeling of being a spectator rather than a performer, of contemplating a somewhat incomprehensible person called James H. Ashleigh carrying out an almost incredible feat. He did not fully perceive that this self-centered curiosity, this self-contemplation through another's eyes, was in itself a symptom of incipient detachment, that to this extent he was beginning to get away from himself, that he was gradually freeing himself from the incarcerating cycle of duty, habit and routine.

His uncertainty and timorousness increased after he crossed the border. The feeling that he was now approaching his goal, that perhaps this goal actually did not exist, that it was a chimera, that it was a futile and incongruous yearning, heightened his fear. He beheld a lonely man driving through an apparently endless desert, embarking on a puerile adventure, seeking an unattainable goal.

The night he spent in a quite comfortable hotel room at Monterrey further diminished his courage. Though bodily fatigued he slept rather poorly and while tossing in bed his mind returned to the self-devouring scrutiny, the vicious round of unavailing probings, which had so relentlessly harassed him throughout so many months before finally, in a vague hope of liberation, he decided to venture this trip.

I am fooling myself, he thought. I am going nowhere. I am off on a wild goose chase. And again the old feeling of utter placeness, the gnawing sense of futility and aimlessness, lodged in his heart. I have come a long way, he thought. I am in Mexico now, and it is the same. Here I am and I can't hide myself. I can't remove myself from something which is an inseparable part of myself, which is in fact myself.

Toward dawn he dropped off into a deep sleep of exhaustion and did not wake till noon of the following day. A headache dulled his senses while he bathed, shaved and got dressed, and suspecting that his digestion was impaired he swallowed a laxative tablet. He was not burdened by the thoughts which kept him awake through most of the night, and yet the apathy, the blankness in his mind, was not conducive to tranquillity. It was a condition he often experienced in the mornings. He was having what his wife called "one of his moods"—an attack of nervous indigestion, a kind of mental collapse, a morose tantrum, a spell of hating everybody and most of all himself.

Lacking appetite, he ate a very light breakfast and went out for a walk around the plaza and nearby streets. He did not observe the confronting sights with avidity. He looked at his strange surroundings solely with his eyes—what he saw did not arouse curiosity or penetrate his mind. He sat resting for a while under the trees in the plaza, wondering if it was worth his while to spend the rest of the day in the city, then, without clearly making up his mind, as if passively contemplating the action of another, he returned to the hotel, packed, paid his bill, got his car out of the garage, and set out on his way.

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Photo.

By Mary Saint Albans.

Miracle of Water

By Victor Alba

YEAR after year, in the July and August rainy season, Mexican newspapers reported devastating floods along the Papaloapan River, some 50 miles south of the port of Vera Cruz. Hundreds of people lost their lives; thousands of farm animals were swept away, with houses and trees. Always, in one of the richest and most fertile parts of the country, desolation reigned for weeks. Painfully, the people made their way back from the mountain tops where they had taken refuge, rebuilding their huts where they had stood before.

A million Indians lived in this region, far from civilization, keeping their customs and traditions, worshipping ancient gods through the forms of Catholic ritual. Lack of roads and airfields made it impossible to sell the goods raised in the area. The gold that can be found abundantly in the streams served only to adorn the ears and necks of the girls—slim, bronze and smiling—and the products of the earth, which could otherwise have nourished five million mouths, rotted in the fields.

* * *

All the oldtime desolation is a thing of the past.

The River That Turns Red—Papaloapan in the Indian language—is on its way to becoming Mexico's chief center of agriculture, gold, and electric power. Along with the T.V.A. in the United States and the Dnieprstroy in the Soviet Union, it will be one of the greatest irrigation systems in the world.

Since 1947, thousands of men, driving thousands of tractors and other machines, have worked in the Papaloapan region. The course of the river has been changed so as to avoid floods. Dams have been built along the water-course.

The system irrigates 1,348,200 acres, and apart from this now useful soil, it will be possible to exploit 3,370,500 acres of woodland. Electrical output will reach 1,000,000 kilowatt hours of electricity—more than is at present consumed in the entire country. Roads to the extent of 1,500 miles will eventually connect the towns and villages with the centers of distribution, and over them gold, corn, precious woods, cotton, and rice will go to the markets.

The region is tropical, with a coast on the Gulf and it ascends across mountains and valleys up to a high plateau of 6,500-foot altitude. Thus the variety of crops is considerable, and the fertility of the soil permits the raising of sugar cane and rice on the

lower levels, and apples in the colder heights.

Five million inhabitants could live in this zone, enjoying a standard of living similar to that of U.S. farmers around the T.V.A. which Roosevelt constructed and which served as a model for Papaloapan.

* * *

In Mexico, however, they can never be content to imitate. The conditions of the country—Indian population, almost overpowering soil fertility, tropical climate—demand original solutions for problems which do not exist elsewhere.

The most important questions for the engineers, in this case, were not technical, but human. In short, what to do about this million Indians who had never seen an automobile, who had no window panes in their huts, who could not read or write, and who were suspicious, not without reason, of mestizos and whites, of groups which up to now had been interested in them only to exploit them.

Beside the labor of the engineers, work was begun by anthropologists, doctors, nurses. As roads were laid out and canals cut through, there arose hospitals, schools, even sports fields.

For two years all this was useless. The Indians distrusted the doctors, the teachers. There was even some violence. Finally the anthropologists decided to attempt a bold experiment. As long as some villages would have to disappear under the waters, while others must be transferred to safer places, the new life could not be imposed, but had to be asked for by the inhabitants of these communities themselves.

How could it be accomplished? The anthropologists began a personal job of persuasion. They spent long hours talking with some of the boys and girls of these villages. They took them on holiday trips to Mexico City, taught them to read, explained to them the aims of the Papaloapan system. Then, spontaneously, among these young people couples were formed. At that time, there arrived from the capital prefabricated

houses—but homes that preserved the appearance of the region's traditional huts. There came furniture, battery radio sets, bicycles, household linens, oil cook-stoves. These modern homes were installed in the villages. The Indians could see, day after day, their young couples living in better houses, the young married women working with less drudgery and caring for their babies in a more effective way. The young men learned to handle tractors, working beside other laborers who had come from Mexico City.

Often the anthropologists were discouraged. Time passed, and the village dwellers remained on guard, suspicious, unyielding. The experiment seemed doomed to failure. A few weeks ago, however, a delegation of the old men of three villages presented themselves at the bureau of engineers at Ciudad Alemán. They asked for explanations.

* * *

They returned two days later, then a third, a fourth time. The engineers, the anthropologists, the doctors, the workers high on their tractors, watched them pass, walking one behind the other, silently, towards Ciudad Alemán, and asked themselves anxiously whether the village elders would let themselves be convinced. Finally, after seven interviews, the old men got together by themselves, held a discussion in their own language, and coming back to the chief of works, asked: "Where is it that you must build our new villages?"

For a long moment, tears prevented the engineer from answering. Little by little, elders from other villages are following their example, and when, a year or two from now, the dams are finished and the valleys transformed into lakes, the Indians will already have been started on a new life.

After Papaloapan, it is no longer possible to believe that in order to incorporate undeveloped populations into modern society—whether moujiks or Indians—force is more practical than brotherhood.

Sonnet

By Marie Lang

A SEED dropped on the surface of my life
When fate seemed delving in the deeper earth
Planting the germs of sorrow and of strife
From which the fruits of wisdom would have birth—

A seed chance-sown *** one to be washed away
By the first rain or borne on wind afar;
Thus did I think your love and toiled all day
Thrusting my hands in soil where sharp rocks are.

Now many rains have fallen, winds have blown,
And boughs sky-high hold wisdom's unripe fruit;
Cheated, I turn to find a flower grown

Untended, and I dig to feel the root
Of your forgotten love, while on the breeze
Dead petals lift and flutter at my knees.



Oil.

By B. Solares.

Mexican Music

By Patricia Fent Ross

THE average visitor to Mexico accepts as "typical" of Mexican music, the gay or mournful love songs which enamored young men sing beneath the windows of their sweethearts, or that are the stock in trade of the mariachis, the street musicians. And they consider that Mexico's music is a heritage from Spain. They are right, of course, on both counts.

But if they stay long enough they will know that these songs are only one type of many, and Mexican music owes almost as great, if less obvious, debt to the Indian heritage as to the Spanish.

Although some of the chants of the pre-Cortesian period have been decoded from the ancient codices, unfortunately there is no written record of the music. Of the actual music of that period only the dance music has survived, and in many regions even that has been tempered by the Spanish influence. Only in the most isolated regions of the back country are the music and the ritualistic dances the same as before the coming of the Spaniards.

However, it is fairly easy to reconstruct that music from the instruments used. Judging from those instruments and what little music has survived, there could have been little melody, in the tuneful sense, but there was strong and varied rhythm. The various types of percussion instruments, one and two tone drums, or flutes made of clay, bone or wood, produced powerful and haunting rhythms. The sense of melody was obtained by sudden changes of tempo, and by the accompaniment of clay and gourd rattles, shell tinklers, whistles, bells and even notched bones, rasped with a stick. But the important thing in all Indian music is timing.

* * *

Most spectacular of the early instruments were the teponaxtle, a four toned drum, carved from a single piece of wood, which was used in almost all ceremonial music, and the huehuetl, the great upright war drum, also of carved wood. In addition to these two principal drums there were a great variety of percussion instruments, among them a strange drum made of a gourd inverted in a large vessel of water, that produced an unusual resonance. The tiny drum still used in the Flyers' Dance is the same as those used by these dancers in the pre-Cortesian period.

So strong was the sense of rhythm in the people that it has survived the centuries of Spanish influence, and has taken Spanish music and made it peculiarly Mexican by the infusion of the pervasive Indian tempo. Even in the gallos, the songs of the serenaders, which are pure Spanish in origin, there is a subtle difference as they are sung in Mexico and as such songs are sung in Spain.

Very early in the Colonial period the priests introduced Spanish music and Spanish instruments to the Indians. Since in the Indian mind religion was intricately tied up with music and the ritualistic dance, the Catholic missionaries accepted this native form of worship in the Church, gradually changing the dances over to Christian themes. Thus, the dances to the old gods were continued, but were done in honor of the various saints. They even introduced new dances of purely Christian motif.

As early as 1527 Fray Pedro de Gante began teaching music to the Indians. The practice spread rapidly, but soon died out as a definite movement, when the colonists became more engrossed with commercial interests. While the dances continued and to this day are an important part of Catholic worship in the

villages and the back country, the priests soon ceased the deliberate introduction of Spanish music into the churches. However, all the early churches had orchestras, composed of flutes, flageolots, sackbuts and guitars, with the rhythm kept by the teponaxtle and the huehuetl.

* * *

But the new instruments, especially the guitar, appealed to the Indians, and even without systematic teaching, they soon adopted the new music. The scope of music widened, and it became a part of daily life, a source of personal pleasure rather than being confined to the purely ritualistic role it had played in the Indian civilization. But the Indian rhythms were carried over and blended with the Spanish melody to produce a new and completely Mexican music. The most important contributions of the Spaniards were the new range of melody, the guitar, and the knowledge that music could be gay and non-religious.

A good example of what Indian and mestizo Mexico does with Spanish music is the huapango. Originally pure Spanish, this type of song has been richly imbued with the Indian rhythms. Beloved all over the republic huapangos are native to the gulf coast. Huapangos are as numerous and as varied as the villages where they are sung. Song themes and dances may vary but all have the same exciting rhythm, not found in any other type of Mexican song.

Some of the Spanish dances and music must have tickled the Indian sense of humor, judging from a few of the new dances that sprang up. For instance, "Los Gachupines," a dance still done by the pilgrims to the Chalma shrine at the annual festival, is a frank burlesque of the Spanish heeltapping dances.

Perhaps the most completely Mexican type of music is the corrido, the Indian version of the ballad. Most of the pre-Cortesian Indian songs and dances depicted the doings of the gods, so that telling a story in music was familiar to them. Thus the old picaresque ballads of the troubadours, introduced by the Euro-

peans, were simply an extension of a music form already known to them.

The corrido (from the verb correr, to run, therefore something that runs, goes on, an event of the time) has grown in popularity through the centuries. Almost all anonymous, corridos spring up in a region more or less spontaneously, are added to and improved by the singers until they reach a satisfactory form. Monotonous and repetitive in melody, the corridos tell the stories of important events, the doings of local heroes, the lives of great men, or recount the tales of humorous or tragic love affairs or escapades. Always they are based on truth, but the truth is naturally dressed up for the sake of a good story.

Corridos are definitely the music of the people, a half-breed ballad, but with the Indian heritage predominating. But they are loved by all Mexicans. Every city or town of any size has a "corrido publisher," a print shop that publishes the corridos of the region, along with its religious pamphlets and commercial handbills. The average corrido is rarely published in any other form. Often at fiestas in the villages one can buy copies of the local corridos, printed on cheap paper in handbill style. Otherwise it is difficult to get them.

It is necessary to remember the Indian contribution in order to understand the great music of the Mexican composers. Especially the symphonies of Silvestre Revueltas and of Carlos Chavez, famous conductor of Mexico's Symphony Orchestra, illustrate the peculiar qualities of the really great music produced by the combination of the Indian and Spanish heritages. Chavez's Indian Symphony, the Symphony of Antigona and his Purple Land, are the melodies of the music-loving blood of Spain, set to the haunting, majestic rhythms of the ancient Indian drums and the spine-tingling voices of forgotten wooden flutes.

Mexico has many types of music, but they are all completely Mexican, being, like the blood of the people themselves, the combination in varying degrees of the Indian and the Spanish heritages.

Conference Ash Tray

By Elias Lieberman

HERE is an unsung requiem
For subtle hurts, for vanities,
For unavailing stratagem
Reduced to ashes just like these,
Each problem has its perfect key
If one can find it... Chat and smile.
Discard the futile stub, foresee
The next high hill, the next long mile
And doubt not as your puffs of smoke
Break up in pearly wisps, how fast
A dream, become a master stroke,
Can build upon an ashen past.



Wax Sculpture.

By Luis Hidalgo.

Cooking in Cazuelas

By Phyllis Benson

ONE doesn't live very long in Mexico before he becomes acquainted with cazuelas. They are on display in great heaps in all the markets. Native vendors carry stacks of them on their backs through the city streets and down the country roads. Every afternoon and early morning, servant girls may be seen by the score trotting out of city apartment dwellings with cazuelas in which to fetch home their liters of milk from the neighboring lecherias. And every little restaurant has a cazuela seated over a charcoal fire bubbling away merrily from morning until night.

More than likely one's first impression of cazuelas is that there is something aesthetically appealing about them from their earthy rust brown color to their simple, graceful lines. They are primitive. The Aztecs long before Moctezuma employed these same styles of earthenware pots. A similar type of clay vesicle was used by almost all the ancient races at some phase of their evolution.

Perhaps it is this harking back to our ancestors which makes one feel almost a magnetic attraction to cazuelas. At any rate as one becomes better acquainted with the clay pots and learns to know their attributes, when he discovers that food cooked in them actually seem—as the Mexican claim—to possess a superior flavor to food cooked in other vessels, he will become a real cazuela-booster. He may even lug along a crate of clay pots in the plane with him when he returns to the States. That is what my sister, Olga, did when she went back to Minnesota. She gladly paid the \$1.25 per kilo excess baggage fee, just so that she could have with her the cazuelas of which she had grown so fond.

Her case is exceptional, of course. She had experimented and become a convert to cazuela cookery. It happened this way. Olga and I had an apartment on the Paseo de la Reforma where we occasionally cooked eggs and coffee or made a salad. Most of our meals we ate at Sanborn's, the Ritz, Geneve or some other place where good American meals could be had. Two or three times a week we went to eat in a Mexican restaurant the native Mexican dishes—tacos, enchiladas, tamales, frijoles—fittingly called antojitos, foods one has a yen for. We soon learned that the ordinary U. S. American cannot eat antojitos every day even if he has the yen to do so. His stomach lining just doesn't seem to be made the same way as a Mexican's.

In our infrequent but delicious Mexican repasts, however, we were impressed at the flavor of the foods we ate. Just why beans, corn, or rice cooked in Mexico should taste exceptionally delicious at first seemed a mystery. The Mexicans explained it very simply; the secret is in the cazuelas; they preserve the full flavor of the foods.

"Well, if Mexican style foods taste so good simply because they are cooked in cazuelas," reasoned Olga, "American style foods should be improved too."

* * *

In the nearby San Cosme market we bought a supply of pots and pans of earthenware material and wooden spoons with which to stir. The cazuelas were very reasonably priced: three pesos—thirty-four cents—being the most expensive! The average price was ninety-five centavos—about eleven cents. That was one

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Oil.

By B. Rivas Cid.

American Table D'hôte

By Clifford Evans, Jr.
and
Betty J Meggers

WHEN WE SIT DOWN to a good meal anywhere in the world that includes white potatoes, corn, lima or string beans, chocolate, and pineapple, then light up a smoke, we take it for granted that they were always known to our European ancestors. Don't we speak of the white potato as "Irish"? Isn't the best tobacco grown in Turkey? Don't pineapples come from the Hawaiian Islands? But if we look further, we will discover that these plants were introduced into Ireland, Turkey, and Hawaii from the Americas.

To explain the exact botanical origin of the various plants, where they were first domesticated, and the routes of movement and transfer from one region to another within North, Central, and South America, would require a voluminous scientific tome. Plant geneticists, ethnobotanists, and anthropologists are continually filling in new details of the fascinating saga of plant origins and their role in man's culture. However, in most cases the fact of New World origin is well established not only from archeological evidence and genetic studies, but also from the remarks of the first European explorers who described the strange new foods to their friends at home. Commonplace to the Indians of the New World, but entirely new to the Europeans when they arrived in the decades after 1492, were white potatoes, sweet potatoes, maize, popcorn, pineapples, peanuts, beans of all kinds, squash, avocados, tomatoes, peppers, chocolate (cacao), manioc, tobacco, rubber, and a long list of other useful plants.

What evidence have we that the "Irish" potato is not "Irish" but Peruvian? Both archeology and the Spanish chroniclers prove the point. Although Sir Francis Drake and Sir Walter Raleigh are sometimes given credit for the discovery of the white potato (*Solanum tuberosum*), the early Spanish explorers and conquerors of Peru were the ones who carried it back to Europe, after being much impressed with the way the Incas used these papas. Cieza de León, in his *Crónica del Perú*, in 1553 told how the natives of the Peruvian highlands had extensive cultivated fields for raising "their principal sustenance (which) is potatoes, which are like truffles... These they dry in the sun and keep from one harvest to another. And they call this potato, after it is dried, chuno; and among them it is highly esteemed..." Archeological evidence traces the potato's origin back even earlier than the Inca Empire (circa 1300-1532). We see the tuber with its exact shape and characteristic eyes accurately modeled in ceramics of the Mochea (circa 800 A.D.) and Chimu (circa 1000 A.D.) cultures.

Just when the potato was carried from Peru to the Iberian Peninsula is unknown, but by 1560 it was common in Spain. Thence it was taken to northern Italy by Carmelite monks in 1600. It is said to have been introduced into Ireland by 1590. In 1619 it was served at the table of the King of England. Peculiar as it may seem, the British introduced the potato into Bermuda around 1613, and from there it found its way to the Virginia Colony of North America in 1621. But not until 1719 did Irish immigrants bring large quan-

tities of potatoes with them direct to New Hampshire. So with the English introducing it to North America, the Dutch carrying the plant to their colonies in the northern part of South America, and the Spanish originally discovering the potato as a domesticated plant of the Peruvian Indians, small wonder that so many legends have obscured the origin of this American food plant.

Not so confusing are the histories of some of the other food plants found in America by the European explorers and more quickly accepted on the Continent. Maize (*Zea mays*) and popcorn were staple foods of the Indians of North, Central, and South America. The high cultures of the Aztecs of Mexico, the Maya of Yucatán, the Coastal Incas of Peru, the prehistoric Basketmakers and Pueblos of the southwestern United States, the early mound cultures of southeastern United States, and the sedentary agriculturists of the major river drainages of North America all used maize as one of their principal foods. Fortunately, the dry climates of the American Southwest and Peru have so well preserved the actual food remains in prehistoric graves that thousands of samples of ancient corn have been obtained and extensively studied by plant geneticists and ethnobotanists. In addition, chroniclers' accounts testify to the presence of this new plant, which they compared to European wheat.

One of the earliest printed references to maize appears in the *Decades* of Peter Martyr, said to have been first printed in 1551 in Latin and translated into English by Richard Eden in 1555. Dealing with what Columbus found in the West Indies he wrote: "They make also an other kynde of breading of a certayne pulse called Panicum, much lyke unto wheate, whereof is great plentie in the dukedom of Mylane, Spayne, and Granatum. But that of this countrey is longer by a spanne, somewhat sharpe towarde the ende, and as bygge as a mannes arme in the brawne: The grayness whereof are sette in a marvelous order, and are in fourme somewhat lyke a pease. While they be soure and unripe, they are white: but when they are ripe they be very blacke. When they are broken, they be whyter than snowe. This kynde of grayne, they call Maizium."

* * *

Many of the details are still to be worked out before the ancestry of domesticated corn, its place of origin as a cultivated plant, and the routes by which it spread throughout the Americas in pre-Columbian times can be stated with certainty. The earliest known examples are recent finds at Huaca Prieta in the Chiriquá Valley along the North Coast of Peru and at Bat Cave, New Mexico. At both sites, the corn ears are short and stubby, about the size of one's finger. By the new Carbon method of estimating age, based on radioactivity, this domesticated corn from Peru is dated 2,600-2,800 years ago and the Bat Cave samples 3,000-4,000 years. As the peoples of various cultures crossbred and improved their plant stock, the cob and in extremely different climatic zones consciously found in ceramic vessels of the Chimú Period, as well as actual plant remains from graves in Peru, Mexico, and various sites in the southwestern United States.

Peculiar as it may seem to the modern farmer, so consciously dependent upon special hybrid varieties of corn developed to increase the yield per stalk, the botanists tell us that all the chief types of corn known today were developed by the Indians of North and South America. At the time of the Spaniards' arrival in the New World in the late fifteenth century, the Indians of the Western Hemisphere were cultivating at least seven hundred different varieties. The various types so important in our modern agricultural economy—sweet, flour, dent, flint, and pop—were all known and

widely cultivated by the Indians hundreds of years before the entrance of Europeans upon the scene.

While other foodstuffs have become such an important staple of the Europeans' diet that their extensive aboriginal American usage is unknown and unsuspected by the average person, popcorn and peanuts still seem to be regarded as typically American. What is more American than the bag of popcorn at the movies or peanuts at the ball game? To modern Americans they are delicacies; to the American Indian they were basic food, often with ceremonial significance. Popped kernels have come from ancient Peruvian graves and are found in museum collections. Sahagún, the famous chronicler of the Aztecs, mentions that these Indians not only used popcorn (called maiz revantador) as food, but also used strings of popcorn to decorate idols like that of Tlaloc, who in varying aspects was the god of rain, fertility, and maize. Even today, the Indians of the back country of Mexico and Ecuador use popcorn as a very important item in their diet.

Peanuts (*Arachis hypogaea*), so important to the agricultural economy of the southern United States today, were extensively grown by the Indians of pre-Conquest Peru. Grave offerings frequently contain quantities of them, and the Mochea Indians realistically modeled them on their pottery. In spite of the extensive distribution of the peanut throughout Peru, some authorities believe that this plant was first cultivated in the tropical forests of Brazil. Some of the most primitive forms are still found among the Nambicuaras of Mato Grosso, and chroniclers mention the peanut as an important food plant of certain Tupí tribes in Brazil.

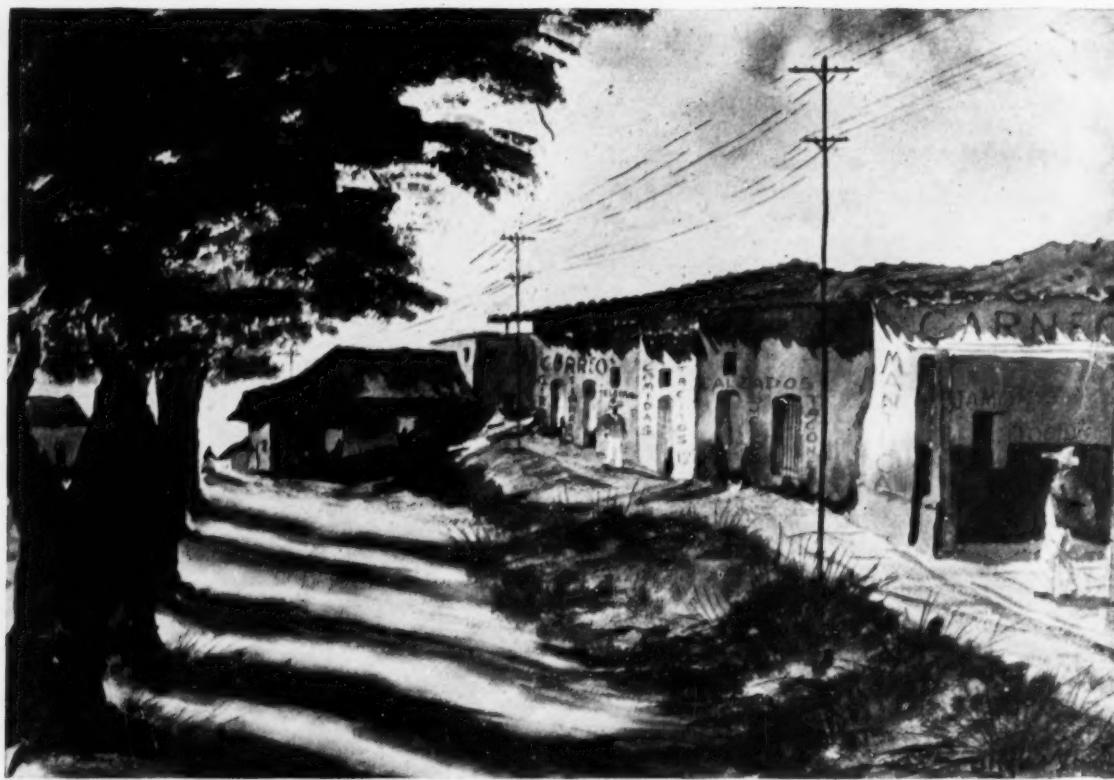
While our archeological and historical evidence associates these important native food plants with the more advanced Indian cultures of Peru, Mexico, and the U.S. Southwest, there were some edible plants that originated and were cultivated by the native populations of the New World in more primitive tropical regions. To most North Americans the name manioc would mean little or nothing, yet a derivative of this plant, tapioca, is a common U.S. dessert. To the Indians of the Caribbean and the Amazon basin, manioc (*Manihot utilissima*) was a basic food plant, as the discoverers found in the late fifteenth and early sixteenth centuries. Today it is such an important element in the diet of the Brazilian interior that caboclos along the Amazon will often prefer to go hungry rather than make a meal of fish, meat, or even fruit without farinha to accompany it.

Another tropical plant, the pineapple, familiar to North Americans as a canned import from Hawaii, also has an equatorial American origin. The native plant list could be extended (for example, avocado, cashew, papaya, peppers, sweet potato, coca), but we are concerned not with all plants originally used by the Indians of the Americas, but only with those that later became important foods in other parts of the world.

* * *

Perhaps the edible seeds most extensively cultivated in all the native civilizations of the New World were the legumes: the jack, lima, tepary, kidney, navy, and string beans. Each bean was popular in certain areas of the New World, the group's range extending from the limits of agriculture in North America throughout Mexico and Central America into most regions of South America. Wherever aboriginal Indian cultures reached a high level of development in the New World, one of the beans was always a primary food item. The bean's importance in the Indian

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Water Color

By Alfred Ybarra

Alfred Ybarra

By Guillermo Rivas

IT WAS during his initial visit in Mexico, some nineteen years ago, that Alfred Ybarra, an architect by profession, turned to painting. Through the six months of that momentous visit he traveled far and wide over the country and produced a bulky portfolio of landscapes which gained him swift recognition upon his return to the United States.

He has returned to Mexico since then on various occasions to resume his task. For Ybarra's creative expression, initiating in Mexico, has preserved a close affinity with the land of his self-discovery. He finds here the detachment conducive to fertile self-immersion. The vistas of Mexico, the spirit of the land and sky, arouse in his temperament a keen responsive note. The artist seems to possess a specific feeling for these surroundings. His depiction of the Mexican landscape is guided by a peculiar mood, and it is a mood of somber poesy.

A self-made master in the technique of water color, Alfred Ybarra composes his pictures of the Mexican countryside in perspectives of sweeping spaciousness, where the sky in imposing prominence usually takes up at least half of the total space. This prominence is definitely pertinent, for it is through his depiction of the sky that Ybarra expresses the personal mood which lends a peculiar arresting significance to the scene projected below.

Ybarra achieves a weird eloquence, an eery lumenosity in his depiction of the Mexican sky. He creates powerful drama through the arrangement of clouds;

he builds an articulate, a deeply sonorous substance from ethereal space. The sky dominates the landscape; it enfolds it, and it seems to bode its destiny.

Thus, through this beautifully achieved pictorial allusion, with only an occasional inclusion of a human figure, the artist reveals the human spirit implicit in the Mexican landscape. Sometimes, as in the depiction of the ruined hut and the gaunt skeletons of trees resting forlorn under the dense undulation of clouds, there is a salient note of tragedy. Abandon and desolation reign over the landscape. Sometimes, as in the picture of forbidding barren crags beyond the symmetrical rows of magueyes, there is the voicing of human strife against insurmountable barriers, and sometimes, as in the picture of Michoacán fishermen with their butterfly nets, there is sheer elfin lyricism. But there is always the eloquent, the significant sky overhead—a serene or a tumultuous sky, joyous or wrathful, a death- or life-giving sky of drouth or abundance, a sky that harbors the enigma of human fate.

This is Ybarra's way of telling the Mexican story, of presenting its intrinsic human substance by projecting its terrestrial panorama. And this also is a glowing example of deep emotive significance an artist can achieve with his chosen medium, the difficult and hazardous medium of water color that in our days is so often employed merely to produce trite decoration.

Mexico as a theme and water color as a medium attain at the hands of Alfred Ybarra the highest measure of clear utterance, of stirring power and beauty.



Water Color.

By Alfred Ybarra.



Water Color.

By Alfred Ybarra.



Water Color.

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Water Color.

By Alfred Ybarra.



Water Color.

By Alfred Ybarra.



By Alfred Ybarra.

Water Color.

Un Poco de Todo

FAMOUS DAY AND YEAR

THE usual list of anniversaries of notable events falling in the year 1953 contains one unusual item. This year, a line reads, is the 500th anniversary of the fall of Constantinople—an event which shocked and frightened all Western Europe as much as any event since then. Yet the effect was largely symbolical. The Turks, Seljuks and Ottomans had been undermining the old Eastern Roman Empire for four centuries. The Ottomans held most of Asia Minor, both sides of the straits, and were firmly established in the Balkans. The city founded by Constantine, the Great, which had withstood all attacks for 1,100 years, except that of the piratical Fourth Crusaders in the year 1204, had imposed Roman law, spread Hellenic culture and its own form of religion over a vast part of Europe and Asia, collapsed in a single day under the assault of the huge polyglot army of Sultan Mohammed II, called the Conqueror. The date was May 29, 1453.

Gibbon tells the story as the tragic last act of a great drama which began: "In the second century of the Christian era the Empire of Rome comprehended the fairest part of the earth and the most civilized portion of mankind." By the middle of the fifteenth century the last of the Caesars was making a hopeless stand in his beleaguered capital. "Amidst these multitudes the Emperor (Constantine XI), who accomplished all the duties of a general and a soldier, was long seen and finally lost; *** his mournful exclamation was heard, 'Cannot there be found a Christian to cut off my head?' and his last fear was that of falling alive into the hands of the infidels. The prudent despair of Constantine cast away the purple; amidst the tumult he fell by an unknown hand, and his body was buried under a mountain of the slain. After his death resistance and order were no more."

The shock of the fall of Constantinople to Western Europe, one can easily imagine, was much greater than the shock caused by the Russian Communists' coup d'état in Czechoslovakia in 1948. Both events, however, illustrate the recurrent crises which pressures from the vast heartland of Eurasia have brought upon the peninsula known as Western Europe over the last twelve centuries. In a long backward look, Arnold J. Toynbee in the recent issue of "Foreign Affairs" recalls that Europe's present feeling of being under siege from the East is one that she has experienced three times before in the years since the fall of the Roman Empire. Arabs, Mongols and Turks, each in their own expansive era, have thrown the Continent on the defensive.

Since the Turks were turned back from the walls of Vienna in 1683 Western Europe has been able to take the offensive. In this brief modern period Western civilization has been carried around the world. This modern period is the only one we are intimately acquainted with. Memory of old struggles when the West was on the defensive has quite died out, to be revived only by history books. Hence the amazement and sense of unreality when along about the Ides of March, A. D. 1946, the West found itself confronted by another offensive from the East from a totally unexpected source, viz., the Russia of Peter the Great, of the reforming Czars, and an ally of the First and Second World Wars.

Communist Russia has something of each of the three great forces which have assailed the West since the fall of the Roman Empire in the West. Like the

fanatical Arabs it has a faith that it feels bound to impose on the world by fire and sword, or by "purges" and prison camps. Having virtually annexed China, Moscow now rules almost the same vast domain as the Great Khans of the Mongols. Like the conquering Ottoman Turks it has created a system that must be continually expanding and on the offensive. The Turks, after taking Constantinople 500 years ago, pressed on to swallow the Balkans and Hungary—as the Russians have done in our time. The Turks reached the outskirts of Vienna—where the Russians lord it over the Austrians today. But there the Turks were stopped and their decline began. We cannot say the same of the Russians.

For five hundred years Constantinople has been Istanbul. It is no longer a capital. Its superb position for commerce means little, since trade with Black Sea ports has dwindled. But it is still the guardian of the narrow strait between Europe and Asia and it has a definite place in the defensive strategy of the West against the offensive of the East—a place which Emperor Constantine, its founder, or Sultan Mohammed II, its conqueror, never dreamed of.

A WIDER AND AN OLDER UNIVERSE

Dr. Harlow Shapley of the Harvard College Observatory reported to the American Astronomical Society meeting last month that the universe appears to be larger than has been generally assumed, that it is expanding at a slower rate than has been believed, and that it is twice as old as earlier estimates said.

These significant changes in the conception of the universe as developed by astronomers are the result of a lifetime of study by Dr. Shapley of the yardsticks with which scientists measure distances in the universe.

The great new 200-inch telescope of Palomar Observatory can see 2,000,000,000 light years out into space. Measurements of the peculiarities of certain stars in galaxies which are just faintly visible at the extreme range of the big telescope indicate that the galaxies are, indeed, 2,000,000,000 light years away. This is twice the distance that earlier studies indicated and the measurement suggests that the universe is bigger than it was earlier believed.

Another yardstick which must be stretched to meet new telescope observations is the distance to the Magellanic clouds, companion galaxies to the southern sky. The average brightness of clusters in these clouds has been assumed to be three or four times less than the brightness of similar clusters in our Milky Way. But Dr. Shapley suggested that they should be "placed" twice as far away as previously believed because they are actually of the same order of brightness as clusters in our own galaxy.

Figuring backward in time from the present to the moment when the universe was created, if the universe has always expanded at the rate it is now expanding, all matter was at one tiny point somewhere between three and four billion years ago. This means that the creation took place then. So the universe is about twice as old as had been previously believed. Fortunately, Dr. Shapley pointed out, this estimate brings the age of the known universe into agreement with the maximum age calculated for rocks found on the surface of the earth.

Literary Appraisals

MEXICAN CAVALCADE. By H. Murray Campbell.
324 pp: Mexico, D. F. Editorial Cultura

AS a literary theme Mexico has for many years provided an almost inexhaustible range of interest; hence, since Madame Calderón de la Barca and W. H. Prescott, and for that matter Bernal Diaz del Castillo, blazed the trail, it has been dealt with in numerous books of highly varied substance.

We have had innumerable volumes of travel description and superficial comment, intended for tourists, as well as those that delve into the country's social, economic and political problems; those that deal with its history, archaeology, art, architecture, gastronomy, tauromachy, its flora and fauna, and an endless stream of lurid fiction. The subject, in fact, has been so thoroughly covered that in most cases the books that have appeared in more recent years have been, so to speak, re-write jobs. Their authors have leaned rather heavily on their more intrepid and resourceful forerunners.

Thus to create a book that deals with Mexico in a decidedly new and different manner, to create, in other words, something that bears the semblance of an original work, would seem today an almost impossible feat. And yet this kind of feat has been accomplished by H. Murray Campbell in his "Mexican Cavalcade." The singularity of this achievement is, moreover, enhanced by the fact that it was not, I suppose, the result of a specific plan or design; for although Mr. Campbell has followed writing as an avocation for quite a long time, and as far back as twenty-five years ago has contributed to this magazine a delightful series of satirical sketches in dialect, under the pen-name of Enrique del Campo, he is not a professional writer, and in creating this book he was obviously uninfluenced by any of his predecessors. Written as it is with quite professional competence, in a telling fluid prose, its originality springs from the heterogeneous wealth of its material gathered at first hand from personal experience.

The unique character of "Mexican Cavalcade" is, on the other hand, due to the fact that only its author could have written it. One would have to arrive in Mexico at the age of thirteen, and one would have to see what he saw, and have of course his unusual capacity for keen observation and a commensurate narrative talent. It is furthermore unique insofar as it presents within the structure of an autobiography a historical panorama of Mexico during the turbulent years of revolution and the subsequent era of peaceful and constructive resurgence.

The autobiography itself, replete with dramatic experience, had the author wished to fully capitalize on it, could easily fill a bulky volume. It gives us revealing glimpses of Mexico in the final years of Porfirian dictatorship, of its festive finale, of the first rebellious stirrings, and the ultimate blaze. It presents a graphic account of the "Decena Trágica," when Mexico City was converted into a blood-drenched battlefield; it describes such perilous episodes as a journey from Dolores Hidalgo to Celaya in a handcar through many days and nights over a half-destroyed railway and in rebel-infested territory; it narrates the author's subsequent experiences as officer in the British army during the first World War, at the battle-fronts in France, Belgium and in the Balkans, and as an eyewitness of a mutiny aboard the ship that brought him back from Europe.

The final portion of the book deals with outstanding historical events in Mexico since 1920 to date. It may seem that such major controversies as the State and Church conflict in 1926, '27 and '28, and the expropriation of the foreign oil companies in 1938, are now so far behind us that it is hardly necessary to dig them out for a new airing. But in my opinion the author's accurate account of these conflicts, and, particularly, his utterly unbiased and fairminded analysis of their underlying causes, comprise a highly important and valuable section of the book. It is well to refresh our memories regarding these conflicts, for their outcome has in many respects served to determine the future course of Mexico's social, political and economic development. The conflict between the State and Church—a final and greatly retarded episode stemming from the Reform Wars fought seventy years before—defined the legal position of the Church, and by removing it from participation in politics, helped to create public order and to advance democratic rule. While the expropriation of foreign-owned petroleum companies not only restored to national ownership one of the most important sources of the country's wealth but it has also definitely eliminated the main source of prolonged international friction, and thereby made the good neighbor policy practically effective. Mr. Campbell has indeed performed a quite useful service to students of Mexico's recent history in his accurate report and sound interpretation of these highly significant events.

And in a general sense, the author's approach to Mexican history and quotidian reality is profoundly human: it is based on authentic good will and clear understanding. The book defines the story of a man who has come to accept Mexico, with all its virtues and faults, as his veritable homeland.

If one insists on punctiliousness, the author's chronological sequence in the opening lines of chapter 41, concluding the term in office of President Calles in 1934 (instead of 1928) and following it by that of Cardenas, must be accepted as erroneous. But this is a minor lapsus calami in an altogether excellent book—a book that fully deserves to be read by many people.

H. S. P.

THE LIFE OF SARMIENTO. By Allison Williams Bunkley. 556 pp Princeton, Princeton University Pres.

THE schoolmaster Domingo Faustino Sarmiento (1811-1888), whose presidency was the most progressive Argentina has ever known, whose book "Faundo" has been called the "Don Quixote" of Spanish American literature, and who during the dictatorship of Rosas defended the principles of liberty and democracy at the peril of his life, is still the symbol of a century-old struggle. The followers of Perón destroy his statues. Those who dream of a free Argentina exalt him.

Sarmiento was born in San Juan, one of the interior provinces of Argentina. His childhood was spent far from the noisy hum of a port; no immigrant voices fell upon his ears. His only stimulus was the strong rural tradition of his region. Reading was Sarmiento's passion. His dreams were of schools and newspapers. But the gauchos of the pampas were bringing forth a breed of caudillos whose dream was to govern Argentina with the whip.

One of the first words Sarmiento learned was "exile." Chile was his refuge. In El Colorado mines, in Chakarcillo, 1,500 feet beneath the earth, Sarmiento read the novels of Walter Scott by the light of a Davy lamp. He had taught himself English and French without ever hearing them spoken. His great admiration was Benjamin Franklin. He had carefully examined the ideas of Thomas Paine with a view to their adaptability to his own country. He was carried away by the romanticism of Cooper and the pedagogy of Horace Mann. He revolted against the Spanish tradition and gaucho barbarity in the name of progress.

The voices of Rosas and his supporters were covering the Argentine. The night rang with the sinister call of the town-criers: "Long live the Holy Federation! Down with the savage, filthy Unitarians!" The dictator's formula for government was very simple: rule by fear. It was Rosas' belief that silence would smother ideas. Sarmiento wrote: "Barbarians: ideas cannot be killed." It was a duel to the death that was going on. Rosas defended himself with his Gestapo, the "Mazoreca," which the popular imagination transformed into "Mas horca" (More gallows). But the free voice of Sarmiento in exile was building a free country. The day came when Rosas had to leave the land he had tormented. Sarmiento returned to the country he had kept alive in his heart.

* * *

In 1868, he was elected President of Argentina while absent on a mission to the United States. He came back to build schools, libraries, observatories, railroads, and open the gates to immigration. From his close association with Horace and Mary Mann he brought away the conviction that only through schools could a new Argentina come into being. His six years in the presidency was an unremitting struggle to carry out this program, despite civil and foreign wars, the plague that decimated Buenos Aires and the revolts of the caudillos. Being only human, he made mistakes, but the schools, the railroads and the immi-

grants represent the monumental achievements of his administration.

Allison Williams Bunkley, late assistant professor at Princeton, has left us the most complete life of Sarmiento written in English. He examined 15,000 of Sarmiento's unpublished letters in preparation for this study. His book has the fascination of Sarmiento's own life, and could not appear more opportunely, Mr. Bunkley's impartiality led him to say: "Hispanic American history can be told as the history of one personalist leader, one caudillo, after the other. It can be told as the history of Porfirism, Miguelism, Santanismo and Peronism ***." On this point the book contradicts the thesis. Sarmiento is more alive in the history of Argentina than Rosas. To be sure, Sarmiento possessed a much more vigorous personality as leader, but Rosas served the cause of fear and Sarmiento that of freedom.

G. A.

THE VELVET DOUBLET By James Street. 351 pp. New York; Doubleday & Co.

STANDARD historical accounts credit one Rodrigo, an Andalusian sailor, with being the lookout who first sighted land on the first voyage of discovery made by Christopher Columbus in 1492. "The Velvet Doublet," then, is Rodrigo's story, told in the form of a journal relating the course of his life from boyhood near Seville, to an old-age conclusion in 1539.

The author presents Columbus in a far different light from the version common to our history textbooks. Mr. Street's Columbus is a complete opportunist. Such is his covetous desire to garner honor and glory for himself that he even tries to cheat Rodrigo out of his just historical niche as the one who first saw land. In this light, the generally imputed devoutness of the Very Magnificent Lord and Admiral becomes pharisaical hypocrisy. His characteristic determination becomes mulish (but generally fortunate) obstinacy. His caution is seen as an expression of doubt, and his indecision as stemming from ignorance.

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The novel, however, transcends the mere telling of a tale. It is, rather, a highly realistic picture of the Spanish world Columbus lived in and strode through. A heady composition stylistically, "The Velvet Doublet" also throws a brilliant spotlight on the Catholic reign of Ferdinand and Isabella.

* * *

There is, for instance, the conquest of the Moors at Granada, along with the commercial and financial stringencies of realm and court. Smoke casts a pall as it rises from the stakes of the Inquisition; Judaizing conversos (Jews who renounced their religion to escape persecution, and thereafter practiced it in secret) go about their furtive conniving and agonizing uncertainty. All this, of course, serves as a spring-board for Columbus' voyages of discovery and for the opening up of the era of exploration which followed.

Mississippi-born James Street has strayed a long distance in this book from his well-tended regional furrows. Whatever the historical accuracy of this piece—and the author has confessed in an earlier prefatory note to being "primarily a story-teller and not an historian"—"The Velvet Doublet" is as brilliantly appointed as newly furbished brass, as convincingly believable as the dawn-rising sun.

S. M.

FEDERICO GARCIA LORCA: An Appreciation, With Selected Translations of His Poetry. By Roy Campbell 79 pp. New Haven, Yale University Press

I would seem almost that Roy Campbell was born to write this explosive little book. He himself has so many of the romantic qualities that he finds, or imagines that he finds, in Federico García Lorca—the dash, the gallantry, the Andalusian mixture of raw living and mysticism, and above all, the poetry—that one could scarcely imagine a happier coincidence of author and subject. Much of this expectation is fulfilled.

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Mr. Campbell, who is not a patient man with fools and sobsisters, manages in his fine rage to say things that should not have been said—naughty-boy things, I suspect, calculated to discompose rather than to illuminate. Thus, his esthetic generalities strike me as being showy, self-struck. Yet when he turns his attention to the particulars of Lorca's work, the windiness subsides; a sensitive appreciation, often approaching the stature of true criticism, results. How this can happen in a book of seventy-nine pages, where so much space is preempted already by the generalities mentioned, I do not know. The fact is, an amazing amount of work gets done.

* * *

Take, for example, his discussion of the difference between the nature-poetry of the North (Wordsworth or Clare or Holderlin) and that of the South (the "Georgies" of Virgil): the one a self-immersion, as he sees it, into insensate nature; the other, a mystical apprehension of the elan of the created and creating world. The Roman's bees and tender shoots sprouting in luminis oras pre-figure the Spaniard's lovingly, almost compulsively observed and realized ants, snails, rivers, trees. I should say that Lorca's "Romance somnambulo" is worth a wilderness of Tintern Abbeys. However that may be, Lorca touches again and again in his minute observations that "something far more deeply interfused" which Wordsworth splendidly, but only, talks about.

Mr. Campbell's treatment of the gypsy poems, particularly those of the Romanearo gitano, is equally good. And it is refreshing to find a decent measure of appreciation awarded to the surrealist painter Salvador Dali, who, with the musician Falla, so strongly influenced Lorca's later work. The translations are more than adequate. The dramas are too summarily handled: lack of space, obviously. All in all, this is more than an "appreciation"; it is a moving and convincing introduction to the work of a minor genius.

D. F.

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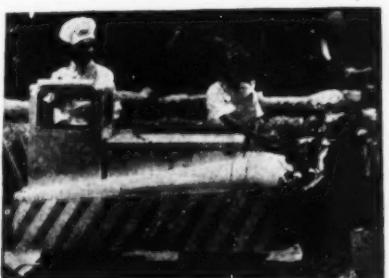
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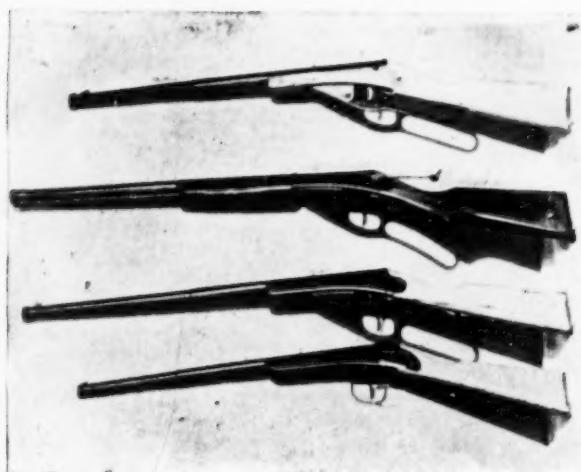
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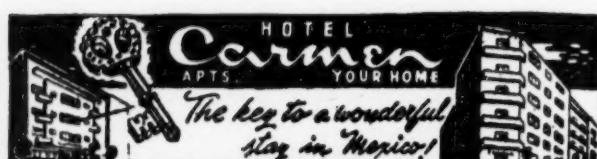
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UNAMUNO. By Arturo Barea. Studies in Modern European Literature and Thought. 61 pp. New Haven, Yale University Press.

POEMS BY MIGUEL DE UNAMUNO. Translated by Eleanor L. Turnbull. Foreword by Dr. John A. Mackay. 225 pp. Baltimore, The Johns Hopkins Press.

No figure in modern literature has been more personal in his writing than Miguel de Unamuno, and yet there is no personality more difficult to define and assess. He himself disliked easy classifications: he was a philosopher and poet, a novelist and teacher, an essayist and political prophet, but above all, he was the incarnation of his country, one whose consciousness was "a Spanish consciousness, made in Spain."

Don Miguel was all the more Spanish by reason of his Basque origin. Born of a middle-class family in Bilbao in 1864, he grew up a member of the generation of 1898, which, after the defeat of the Cuban war, was forced to make a new evaluation of Spain's position. His life was one of constant struggle. He returned from years of exile to his post as rector of the University of Salamanca only to be relieved of it again in 1936 after having denounced the Nationalist Revolution. Confined to his house, he died at the end of the year.

In "The Tragic Sense of Life in Men and Peoples" he set forth the ideas and feelings which form the core of his work. Hunger for personal immortality, he maintained, is at the base of man's search for truth; but since the immortality of the soul cannot be proved,

Continued on page 49

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MUSICAL SUMMARY

ALTHOUGH, in comparison with other recent years, 1952 was hardly a banner year, on the whole it has been fairly abundant in musical offerings. In the realm of symphony music, we had brief though gratifying seasons by each of the three orchestras functioning in our midst, overlapping or closely following each other in a kind of friendly rivalry.

The National Symphony Orchestra presented its initial season consisting of eleven concerts, of which ten were conducted by Carlos Chávez and one by Igor Stravinsky. The programs consisted of works by Stravinsky, Schoenberg, Beethoven, Chávez, Brahms, Purcell, Moussorgsky, Tchaikovsky, Rimsky-Karsakoff, Verdi and Wagner. This orchestra presented a brief subsequent season, comprising three concerts which were conducted by José Pablo Moncayo. The following soloists appeared with this orchestra during the two seasons: Vivianne Bertolami, Irma Gonzalez, Gabriela Viamonte, Mary Douglas, Oralia Dominguez, Hugo Avendaño, Rodolfo Firkusny, Saenz de la Maza, Guillermo Helguera, Enrique Serratos and Hermilio Novelo.

The orchestra, especially under the baton of Carlos Chávez, performed with marked excellence, and each concert was rewarded by an almost capacity attendance.

The Philharmonic Orchestra of Mexico City likewise presented two seasons. The first consisted of four concerts, conducted by Sergiu Celibidache, with

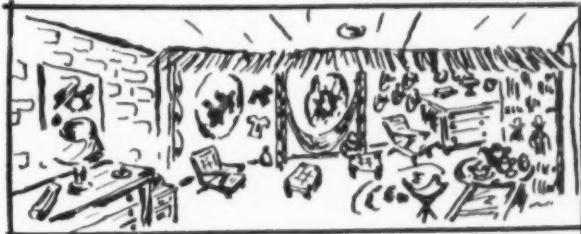
works by Mozart, Bach, Brahms, Moussorgsky, Blacher, Tchaikovsky, Vivaldi, Pulene, Shostakovich, Beethoven, Prokofieff, Debussy, Strauss, Mendelssohn, Wagner and de Falla. Alexander Uninsky, Luz María Puenté Saenz and the brothers Monfort performed as soloists during the initial season. The following season, consisting of but two concerts, was likewise directed by Celibidache.

Thanks to the latter's brilliant guidance this semi-permanent orchestra achieved a quite satisfactory performance, which attracted an overflow attendance. Its sponsors are at present endeavouring to place it on a permanent status, and to present its forthcoming season at the Palacio de Bellas Artes instead of the Metropolitan Cinema Theatre, as it has heretofore.

The season offered by the University Symphony Orchestra consisted of nine Sunday morning concerts at the Palacio de Bellas Artes. It was conducted by its titular directors José Rocabruna and José F. Vázquez, alternating with the guest conductors Pierre Dervaux and Ekitai Ann. The programs almost entirely comprised classical favorites. The following soloists appeared with this orchestra: Ruggerio Ricci, Carlos Rivero, Pepe Kahan, Hilda Zepeda, Carmen Azuela, the sisters Crunschlag, Manuel Garnica and Benjamin Cuervo.

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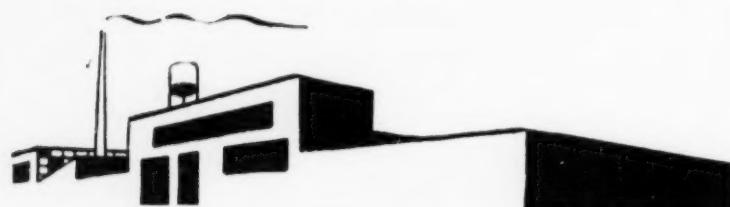
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sented during the foregone year three series of concerts at the Palacio de Bellas Artes, the first two consisting of three and the final of four, conducted by Herrera de la Fuente.

The Chamber Music of Mexico ensemble offered six concerts, which were outstanding for the high proportion of initial local performances and the execution of rarely played compositions. Ana Isabel Berlin, Sally Vanderberg, Charles Laila, Oralia Dominguez, Amparo Guerra Margain and Louis Salomons performed in this series as soloists.

The European Trio, made up of Sophie Chenier, Herbert Froelich and Sally Vanderberg, presented a series of five concerts with programs that included music by Brahms, Beethoven, Ravel, Tchaikowsky, Dvorak and Loeillet.

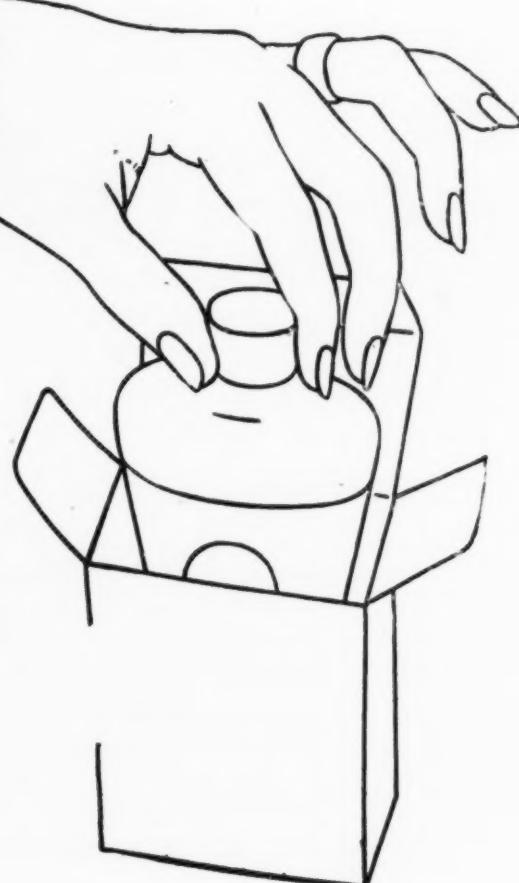
The trio recently formed by Miguel Garcia Lora, Josef Smilovich and Irme Hartman, gave two concerts at the Bellas Artes, with works by Tolemann, Shostakovich, Tchaikowsky and Ravel.

The Female Quartet, founded by Josefina Roel and performing under the direction of Icilio Bredo, made a quite meritorious debut with compositions by Haydn, Mozart and Beethoven.

The Quartette Mexico was heard in two concerts, the Quartette Gonzalez in three, while the Quartette Arte in two. The quintette of wind instruments conducted by Anastacio Flores made considerable progress in the course of the year, having performed in this city as well as in the provinces on repeated occasions.

RECITALS

Under the auspices of the Daniel Musical Association the following concert artists of international fame performed at the Palacio de Bellas Artes: Ida Haendel



Elizabeth Schwartzkof, Luz Marie Puente, Oralia Dominguez, Alexander Uninsky, Adolf Odnoposoff, Zino Francescatti, Friederich Gulda, Giorgy Sandor, Walter Hautzig and the brothers Monfort.

CHORUS

The Madrigalista Chorus, founded and conducted by Luis Sandi, performed in five concerts during the past twelve months. The Boy Chorus of Morelia, conducted by Romano Picutti, was heard here on four occasions; two very successful concerts were given here by the Orfeon Proa of Axtlán, Jalisco, conducted by Francisco Espinoza. The National Conservatory Chorus, directed by Jesús Durón, presented two programs. The male chorus of the Night School of Music, directed by Julio Jaramillo, presented two programs; while the Mexican Juvenile Chorus, conducted by Rogelio Zarzosa, was heard here on one occasion upon its return from a successful tour in Spain.

The ballet "Bonampak" by Luis Sandi was undoubtedly the outstanding new work by a Mexican composer to be presented here in the course of the foregone year. "Divertimento," by Luis Herrera de la Fuente, "Provincianas," by Salvador Contreras, a Nocturne by Galindo, and "Retablo de la Anunciación," by Jimenez Mabarak, were the other compositions by native authors that were given their premiere in the course of the year.

Continued on page 42

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Art and Personal Notes

THE comprehensive exhibition of works by J. Guerero Galvan, offered at this time by the National Institute of Fine Arts at the Palacio de Bellas Artes, is the final art event organized by the outgoing administration of this Institute. The show includes a large and representative selection of this important painter's easel work, as well as photographs and drawings of his murals.

UNDER the auspices of the National University of Mexico, the Venezuelan painter Martin Leonardo Funes is presenting this month in the vestibule of the National Library (Corner Isabel la Católica and Uruguay) his initial local exhibit. Sr. Funes has been living in this city during the past year and a half, and studying art at the Esmeralda School.

The present exhibition, comprising works realized since he came to this country, reveals a well assimilated influence of the modern Mexican school. Funes is particularly convincing in his powerfully designed portraits, such as that of the composer Rodolfo Halffter, or the one titled "El Rebozo Coral." The other canvas that clearly stands out in his exhibit is "Sueño en el Dia de Muertos."

CIRCULO de Bellas Artes (Calle de Lisboa No. 48) is currently presenting a joint exhibition of works by Gisela E. de Bauer and Torres Palomar. The former's work consists of portraits and landscapes in oil and several drawings; the latter's of nude studies, portraits, still life and landscapes executed in oil, pastel and guache.

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Both painters display considerable technical dexterity, though the work of Torres Palomar, especially his fine pastel portraits, shows greater depth and a finer plastic quality.

LANDSCAPES of France by Luis Abed Carretero comprise this month's exhibition at the Alianza Francesa (Calle Palma No. 33).

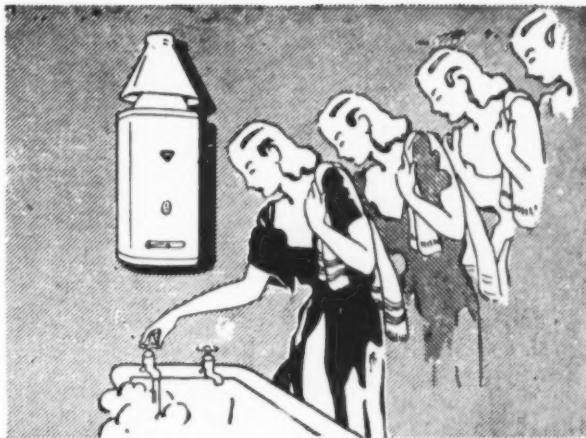
A GROUP of unusually interesting paintings in oil by the local artist Ricardo Martinez may be seen at this time at the Galeria de Arte Mexicano (Calle de Milan No. 18).

GALERIA ROMANO (José María Marroqui No. 5) is showing a large group of paintings in oil on bull-fight themes by the Mexican artist Luis Solleiro. Pupil of the late Spanish master Ruano Llopis, Solleiro has absorbed a great deal of this master's peculiar style. Exploring a terrain he apparently known very well, he paints with verve and colorfulness.

AS PART of the official program arranged for the inauguration on March the first of the new state government in Jalisco, a collective art exhibition of painting and sculpture by artists born in this state is to be staged at Guadalajara.

Since the state of Jalisco has produced a great many of the nation's outstanding artists, of our own time and past eras, this exhibition must be regarded as an art event of veritable importance.

It is estimated that more than thirty artists will be represented in this show, among whom are the following: José María Estrada, José Clemente Orozco, Doctor Atl, Roberto Montenegro, J. Guerrero Galván, J. Reyes Ferreyra, María Izquierdo, Raúl Anguiano, Jorge González Camarena, Carlos Orozco Romero,



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Upon its conclusion in Guadalajara, this show will be probably brought to Mexico City.

Players, Inc.
Continued from page 39

THE recently organized semi-professional group of dramatic performers, Players, Inc., is announcing its Winter-Spring season of 1953, consisting of the following six plays, to be presented at 8.30 each Wednesday, Thursday and Saturday, with a new play every month:

"Gigi," by Colette (English version by A. Loose), opening on January 21st. "Amphitryon 38," by J. Giraudoux, opening on February 18th. "The Innocents," by H. James, opening on March 18th. "Come Back Little Sheba," by W. Inge, opening on May the 20th, and "Quadrille," by Noel Coward, opening on June 17th.

The repertory will be directed by Earl Sennett, who has been active here through a number of years and is well known to local theatregoers for his many outstanding productions with Mexico City Players, Studio Stages and Teatro Aguileon.

Bob Skeoch, who designed sets and costumes for many off-Broadway theatres in the 'States, and locally for "Ring Round the Moon," is in charge of the decor.

The season will be presented in the small though quite suitable theatre of the Hotel Nacional (formerly, Posada del Sol), at Avenida Niños Heroes No. 139.

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Patterns of an Old City
Continued from page 20

Again relief came through the sense of physical motion. Driving eastward by the cathedral, as he crossed the bridge and started down the highway, his awareness returned with the imposing view of the Packsaddle mountain looming ahead. His apathy vanished; his vision cleared. The mountain became a definite and palpable sight. It bore an incomprehensible significance. It seemed to challenge and refute something in him. As he drove on slowly, looking at it, words from some forgotten source drifted through his mind: "... You need not climb the mount to dwell at its summit." Once more he felt that he was going somewhere.

Fertile fields now stretched on either side to the distant bluish mountains as the road wound southward along the valley bed. Now the landscape was slowly assuming a meaning. He watched the road ahead and avidly observed the occasional sights of burros and ox-carts and plodding men in blankets and widebrimmed hats. He was, he felt, truly approaching a different world. The substance of his ultimate goal was yet uncertain. The road ahead led to mystery. But that he had left behind was becoming minutely comprehensible. It unfolded in his vision a clear and graphic sequence. His entire past—the reality from which he was in flight—was now assuming in his mind a telescoped wholeness. His foregone life acquired the conciseness of a single picture, and his own portrait emerged from confusion and nebulosity in bold sharp outline.

* * *

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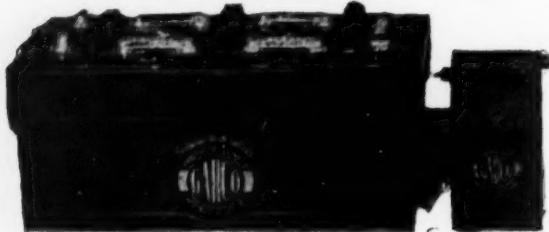
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plicate it by expanding on it, by building it up into a tragic maze? Disentangle yourself. Just relax. Take it easy. Take a good look at yourself. You've got the answer. No one else can give it to you. Isn't that what the wise Doctor Solomon Faivush told you? A psychiatrist can only hold up the mirror, he said, but it's up to you to do the looking. Sure. That's why you are sitting in this car and feeding it gas. You came all the way down here on Doctor Faivush' suggestion, because here, completely alone and far away, you might be able to face the truth about yourself more readily than on his inquisitorial couch.

That is really your purpose, and that, above all else, is what you must bear in mind. Keep looking at the image in that mirror. Keep looking. And what do you see? A portly, healthy-looking, neatly-dressed gent of fifty-seven with smooth, greying hair and a handsome ruddy face. An urbane and quiet-mannered and rather efficient and practical person who always clearly understood his immediate purpose, who all his life tenaciously pursued a single and well defined goal, mainly that of acquisition, of accumulation, of gathering all such things which are craved by normal beings, and which in the eyes of the world constitute success. And, surely, no one could deny that you have come very near accomplishing your goal.

You've been a pretty lucky sort of fellow, on the whole. You've been spared the usual grief and hardship. You did not have to sell newspapers or work your way up from an office-boy. Your father before you had achieved a more or less similar goal in life, and you merely followed in his footsteps. So you went through a good college and married the woman you loved and sired four handsome and intelligent children whom you could give the same advantages you have enjoyed yourself. Your social position and economic standing are enviable. You have a solid and respected place in the world. And throughout the long course of material accretion you have not entirely neglected your mind. You have a fine, well-chosen library, which is not a mere decorative detail in an opulent household. Through the years of your crowded busy life you have never abandoned the habit of reading.

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a sense of integrity in a world that has been gradually falling to pieces. You held onto your code; you never relinquished your values. To avoid your share of responsibility for the world's indecency and folly you have rigged up a very good rationalization of such unavoidable facts as pain, cruelty, stupidity, treason, heroism and sacrifice. You have retained an objective and realistic viewpoint, a somewhat smug and complacent attitude, to be sure, which has protected you from the impact with grosser margins of reality.

You have made your place, and you have held it securely. You have gone ahead along a safe and pleasant rut, always conscious that none of your time had been lost, that each day, each year, brought forth concrete achievement, increased your accretions and enriched your life.

* * *

And then it suddenly slipped up on you. Busy as you have been, you have failed to perceive that the scope of your personal life had progressively dwindled in the course of the years, that it had been largely absorbed in that of your children. Thus when they grew up and went their ways you had your first experience of depletion. That cozy world of yours suddenly grew smaller. You found yourself treading empty space. Your friends, your business associations, your disciplined routine, the driving ambition which kept you going so steadily through years, which lent your life a steadfast purpose, began to lag, to lose significance. Doubts began to creep into your mind, to upset that neat, that meticulously orderly scheme which heretofore had so effectively shielded you from external evil and brutality and had so methodically guided your conduct. Gradually you began to question the validity of this scheme. Gradually it dawned upon you that all the long years of sustained toil, of laborious accumulation, of grasping and hoarding, had actually represented a continuous process of diminution, of depletion and exhaustion—that through some grotesque betrayal of fate you have fallen into a vacuum, that at the end of all this toilsome climbing you have arrived nowhere.

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You still, of course, had your wife. But you realized that that too had been a pathetic delusion, that actually you had not had her in years: that she had abandoned you gradually, that living together, you had intrinsically drifted apart, that since the children went away you held nothing in common. You perceived that for years you had been sharing a household with a total stranger, not even a likable stranger but one who essentially repelled you and whom you actually deeply disliked. And grimly you surmised that "man is born alone and dies alone, and that in the brief interval between his birth and death in his inner being he remains alone."

And so, all your cautiously contrived defenses collapsed and you were left alone confronting a world that had closed in around you like a living menace.

* * *

He was very tired when he reached Valles late in the night, and though the tropical heat was oppressive, he slept a deep and dreamless sleep. He was up and on his way early in the morning, advancing south through lush and torrid backlands. It was past noon by the time he reached Tamazunchale, and he was hungry enough to eat a hearty meal.

Here the urge to speed on left him. The town with the strange-sounding name nestling at the bank of a river and the foot of towering mountains aroused in him a feeling akin to true curiosity. He was still seeing himself as if through another's vision, but now this vision was becoming fused with his own. The actor and the spectator now merged into a visual wholeness: he was actually, avidly, looking at things, and seeing them directly.

He walked along the street and down to the river, and sat on a rock in the shade of an ancient tree, watching the river flow. And within the utter strangeness of his surroundings weirdly he felt as if he had returned to a place he had known before. It was amazing, he thought, how many years had gone by since

he sat at the bank of a river, how long it had been since he had done a simple thing like that or even sensed its need. And suddenly the winding river flowing before him seemed to acquire a vast and mysterious significance.

He could not lucidly follow his thoughts nor comprehend his emotions, but he knew that within this incomprehension he could yet behold something vitally true and transcendent. His thoughts and vision were not his own. They were like a remote echo, like a recollection of something he had probably read in a book, of something he had known though never deeply sensed and forgotten. But presently they fell into shape and assumed a definite image.

He beheld a man bereaved of love, faith and solace, wandering over the face of the earth in the desire of death, and coming to the bank of a river whose constant flux reveals to him the secret of all being. He perceives that all things are interchangeable parts of an eternal essence: life and death, bird and stone, earth and tree, resignation and rebellion. He perceives that man's soul is his fate and each man bears within himself his own measure of wisdom or perfection in the continuous flow of existence.

He did not leave Tamazunchale till the following day, and he left it without conscious desire.

* * *

This was his final night at the "Gallo Azul," for in the morning he would be starting for home. He withheld this from Clarita, thinking that perhaps she would miss him through the following nights, and then eventually forget him, as she of course forgot all the other men who figured in her professional routine. And that seemed to him perfectly logical. It was precisely the way it should be.

He did not tell her these things, for he thought it would be pointless. He merely sat clasping her soft, small hand over the table, wondering if he in turn would miss her, if his memory would discard her



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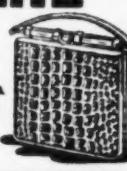
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person and preserve only the significance of the experience she brought him—preserve it in its veritable essence.

He thought of such things without seeming distracted as they talked on in their usual improvised fashion. Then, looking at her homely, gross and yet somehow beautiful face, he said, "Clarita. I sat at the bank of a river in Tamazunchale."

For a moment her face went blank for she failed to grasp the meaning, then it widened in a smile. "Tamazunchale," she repeated, as if it implied something very amusing.

"Yes," he said. "That river, you know. It is something... something like yourself. A particle, a drop, an interchangeable part of the eternal essence..." And then perceiving that her face had again gone blank, he added, "¡Que bonito!"

"Okeh!" she said, and her even white teeth flashed in a peal of merry laughter.

Cooking in Cazuelas

Continued from page 25

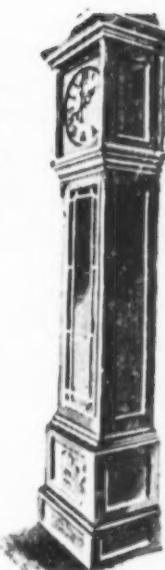
definite point in their favor. But we suspected that they would break easily.

Later we discovered that they didn't break easily. Cazuelas, common thing that they were, would stand a lot of mistreatment. The Indian servant girl who came twice a week to clean our apartment showed us how to "treat" them. First they had to be coated with soapsuds inside and out and a fourth cup of soapsuds water left in them. Then they were set over the flame and allowed to heat until the water boiled away. After they were cool they were washed well, set in the sun to dry and then they were ready for service.

Olga was to cook our first experimental meal of meat, potatoes, gravy, Harvard beets, carrots, peas and coffee. I prepared a raw vegetable salad while she got things lined up for the cooking process, just in

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ease the experiment failed. As she placed the cazuelas over the four gas burners we couldn't help admiring their artistic curves, especially compared with the gas range's sharp lines.

The cooking process, we discovered, took longer than back home because of Mexico City's 7400 feet altitude. But in about one-half hour everything was ready, and to all appearances a success! The peas, carrots, and beets had retained their natural beautiful, green, orange and red colors. The potatoes were mealy and delicious. The porterhouse steaks Olga was frying in the earthenware frying pan set my mouth watering.

When we set down to eat our American meal cooked in Mexican clay pots we were delighted. The delicate individual flavors of beets, carrots, peas, even potatoes, was preserved as in the tender young vegetable plucked fresh from the fields. Undoubtedly this signified that the vitamin content, too, was preserved. We reasoned also that the porousness of the clay would make for better oxygenation of the foods cooked in cazuelas. And there was the further advantage that no aluminum or other metal contamination was possible. Cazuelas, we decided, were excellent for cooking not only Mexican antojitos but any and all kinds of foods.

For almost a year Olga and I lived in our Reforma apartment and cooked in cazuelas. One week she did the cooking and the next I took over the honors. Mostly we cooked American food, for the Mexican dishes we could get easily in any restaurant.

We cooked flaky rice so that each grain lay separate in the pot. We stewed vegetables semi-raw for delicious chop suey. We made fluffy omelets, corn-starch puddings, hot chocolate in four styles: French, American, Spanish and Mexican, beaten with a wooden beater called a molinillo. We cooked tomatoes and peaches for canning. We made lemon pie filling. We boiled corn on the cob, eggs, lobsters, apple sauce and beans!

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Our cazuelas we washed out with hennequen fiber which the Mexicans use instead of steel wool. We dropped a few cazuelas and broke them and marched down to the market to buy more. These we prepared with soapsuds as our Indian girl had taught us to do. And then we cooked some more.

Toward the end we grew so bold that we even dared prepare dinners and invite our Mexican friends to dine. They raised their eyebrows in amazement when they peeked into our kitchen and saw that we were cooking in cazuelas. But, judging from the relish they revealed at the table, they seemed to.

Literary Appraisals

Continued from page 36

one is forced to live in a state of anguish: life must conquer death, one must have faith in faith itself.

It is this "appetite for divinity," this desire to know more and more without knowing that places Unamuno in the tradition of the great Spanish mystics, and makes of him an Iberian existentialist to whom to be or not to be is the eternal question.

It may be, as Señor Barea says, that we have moved away from Unamuno and his problems, but surely no one in our time has examined more acutely the inner world of feeling. His intense subjectivity, however, somehow gets in his way as an artist, bringing him, in his novels, too near his subject, and leaving him, in his poems, a little distant; but giving all the same a directness which is compelling:

Look at him, see how he
comes, so gently...
It is the poor beggar...
His cloak seems to be
the village garden,
a garden made
of odds and ends of all colors
that approach the color
green... the cloak
seems to be the cloak of the
village,
seems to be a garden
if you see it from the hill.

Miss Turnbull, in her careful translations, helps us immeasurably to understand one who so typifies change, immutably fixed, like the perennial stork atop what another poet, Bernardo Clariana, has called "that irreducible Spaniard who appears impervious to our Castilian castles."

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American Table D'Hoté
Continued from page 27

cultures of Peru, Mexico, and the U.S. Southwest is shown by the archeological findings that beans were placed in graves as food offerings to the dead, along with corn and other plants.

Chocolate is so American in origin, it is appropriate that it has acquired a major role in our candy sweets, desserts, and even drinks. The cacao tree, source of chocolate, is native to the tropical forest regions of the New World. One of the basic drinks of the Aztecs was made from it; in fact, the name comes directly from an old Aztec word, 'chocolatl'. Bernal Diaz del Castillo's account of the meal laid before the Aztec king, Moctezuma, shows how chocolate was used: "They brought him fruit of all the different kinds that the land produced, but he ate very little, and from time they brought him, in cup-shaped vessels of pure gold, a certain drink made from cacao, which they said would make them more attractive to women... I saw them bring more than fifty large jars of good cacao with its froth of which he drank, and the women served it to him with great respect."

The native American plant from which we derive one of our most common habits is tobacco. Tobacco chewing, using snuff, and tobacco smoking were unknown to Europeans until they met the American Indians. Although some claim another origin for tobacco, the more careful investigations tend to confirm the absence of any of the species of tobacco used for chewing, snuffing, or smoking outside the American continent before 1492 A.D. Among the various species of tobaccos used by the natives of the New World, Nicotiana tabacum was the most widespread. It was the kind first observed by Columbus and his men upon their arrival in the Caribbean and later discovered by other Spanish explorers in the Orinoco valley, lowland Brazil, most of northern South America, Central America, and parts of Mexico. Another variety, Nicotiana rustica, was commonly cultivated on the Mexican plateau and in eastern North America. To a person accustomed to dating tobacco back to the early days

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JOE WHITE

of European court society, it is indeed a discovery to find that all its uses stem directly from Indian customs.

The rolling of crushed tobacco leaves inside a large leaf to make a cigar is borrowed from the Indians of the Caribbean area and lowland South America. Fortunately, the Indians using pipes made them of pottery or stone, so they were preserved as archeological evidence supplementing the historical records of the old and extensive distribution of pipe-smoking. However, while we indulge in the habit for pleasure, there is reliable anthropological information to suggest that among the Indians smoking had more ceremonial significance and was limited to special occasions, rituals, and magic practices. Some pipes were tubular and resembled what we know as cigar holders, with the pipe smoked by holding it upward, but today's standard elbow pipe is nothing more than a modified copy of American Indian pipes, which varied in shape from simple, plain ones to elaborately carved totemic animals and birds.

As with these food and pleasure products, many other items in our culture today, thought to be European in origin, are actually American. Not North, South, or Central American, but the native heritage of all the Americas.

The Pilgrimage

Continued from page 19

along with ropes of Mexican sisal. The carriage was almost hidden by banks of white flowers—camellias, roses, and gardenias—and a brightly jeweled crown of many-colored flowers adorned the roof. We could hear the clapping and the cheers down the street, and, as the carriage passed, the watchers crossed themselves and bared their heads. And now we had a brief glance through the open window at the Lady herself. She was wearing no high coronet of diamonds, she was encased in no gemmed stomacher, and they had girthed her with no jeweled sword. She wore a pilgrim's cloak and a little traveling hat tied beneath the chin with ribbons. So she journeyed home—gray clad among her



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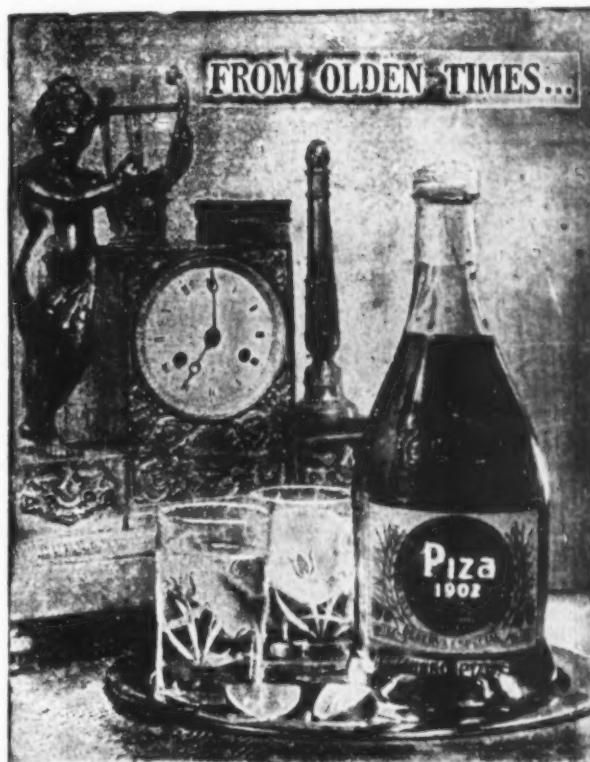
flowers, drawn by four hundred hands—home to the cool nave between the long columns that were fingers raised, not in admonition, but in triumphant trunks giving for mercy, majesty, and glory.

"Just a doll," said Verna. "Of course, it's an antique."

* * *

Then we saw the American soldier. Among the drab clothes of the pilgrims and the gaudy costumes of the dancers, his uniform was the most exotic fancy dress of all. He stood there staring, and as the Lady went by, he gave her a military salute as if he knew she were a general. Maybe he should have bared his head like the rest. But he didn't. He saluted. Then, as the carriage rolled on and those who had lined the sidewalks swarmed to join the pilgrims, we lost sight of him.

We struggled down into the street. It wasn't easy to get near the courtyard of the church or through the gates in the iron-railed wall. Above the mob, the leaves of the cypresses and eucalyptus trees stirred in a little wind, and the towers of the church were silver filigree against a sky of blue glass. All over the courtyard were groups of dancers, arranged in oblongs, half a group watching while half danced. Individuals who had vowed to dance all day stamped back and forth, stopping sometimes for a glass of lemonade or tequila. Hundreds of rattles banged; the church bells clanged. The dancers melted in their bright costumes, worn over sweatshirts and denim trousers. All to the glory of the Lady, they spun and belched and sweated; they stamped and burped and spat. Through the gates streamed the pilgrims, rich and poor, plenty of them people I knew. I saw the Governor and his staff go by. And then Venustiano came. He came with his free stride, this reader of Carl Marx, and at the gate he knelt down, for that was the vow he had made, to go on his knees from the gates to the church doors. Even on his knees he did not look humble, and his wrinkled face gave no window to his thoughts. I looked at the turquoise-clad group nearest me, where a man in a violet mantle of cheap satin was dancing alone, and



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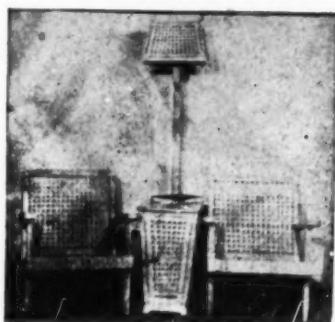


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suddenly his gestures were significant and his face was noble. After all, why not? All dedication is the same and the nostrils of heaven snuff impartially burnt offerings and incense, sweat and gardenia. I saw the American soldier watching, the dancers parrot-bright beneath his shoulders. He was tall and golden as a good, a fair-haired Quetzal among his Indios, intent and solemn as they. It was as though this were something he understood, this striving and this dedication, as though the man in the violet mantle, and the Indio there kneeling his way along, and he himself were all pilgrims. By now, inside the church, the Lady was enthroned again in a misty glitter of prayer and diamonds. She was a high symbol, a flag, and outside in her honor danced the Indios in their garish, gaudy uniforms, and the American boy watching in his khaki dress stared at them, and his eyes were huge as the ocean, solemn and lucid as the eyes of Quetzal, the god from across the sea.

A dancer fainted; they threw water at him, and he got up and went on dancing. I had forgotten all about Verna, but now I suddenly saw her. She was staring at them, at the man who had fainted and the man with the thorns in his palms and the American boy, and her face was no longer a fashionable face, it was intent as theirs. She looked at me.

"This is something," she said. "I guess I hadn't realized . . ."

The Native home and the Village
Continued from page 16

Christ, decorated with tinsel, and supplied with candles to burn before it on feast days. Painted wooden bowls, several baskets, assorted pottery, a broom of rushes, a bird or two in wooden cages, a rooster, a dog, and several babies, will complete the picture.

Apart from the cities, the people of Mexico live in villages, there are almost none, as in the United States, on scattered farms. The geographical nature of the country (water supply was one important contributing factor) and the need for defense had made this so in pre-Columbian times. The same had been true in Spain. The blend, therefore, was easy, and brought about the Mexican village of today. These villages are and always have been communities reasonably complete in themselves or community centers for groups of dependent smaller villages. From them the people go out to work in the fields or the mills or the mines and in them they carry on their trade. Such villages are to be found all over Mexico.



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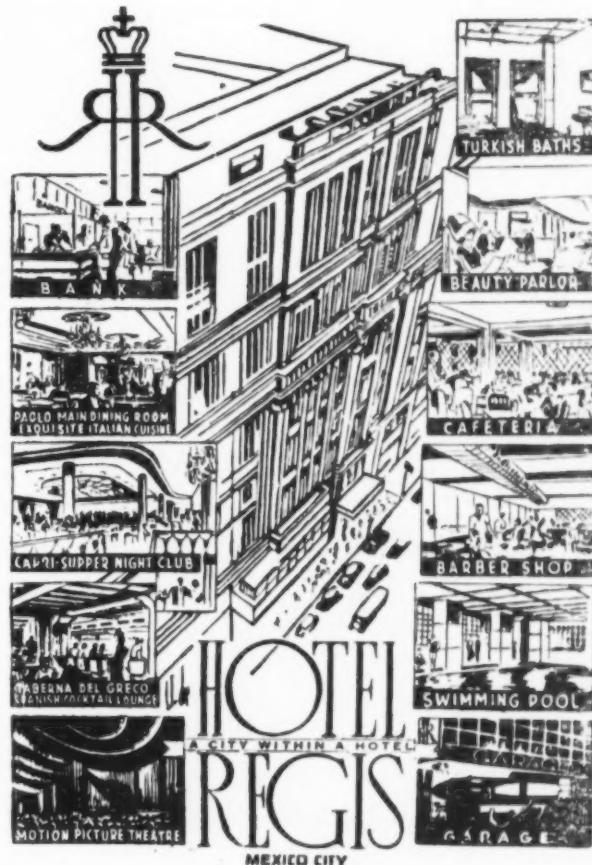
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Like the city on a small scale, the village has a central plaza, with a church at one side, often set well back in a tree-filled atrium, a bandstand, a fountain or well, and space for the weekly market, which often tills the plaza. Around the plaza, or near by, are the town hall, a few stores, some of the larger houses belonging to "los correctos," and, increasingly, the speck and span village school. Cobblestone or dirt roads lead out in all directions to the houses of the village. Where topography permits, the plan will be a gridiron; where it does not, these lanes may turn and twist in tortuous fashion, sometimes consisting in part of steep steps.

The organization of a typical Mexican community has been well described by Robert Redfield in "Tepoztlán, a Mexican Village," where a village of some four thousand inhabitants serves as a center for a number of outlying hamlets of only a few hundred each, and each under the protection of a local saint whose image is housed in the single church of the hamlet; while within the larger village are semi-independent units known as barrios, each with its own church, or chapel, and patron saint. In addition there is the large central church on the plaza—in the case of Tepoztlán built in the sixteenth century as part of a Dominican monastic establishment. It is the duty of the inhabitants of the barrios to take turns in the care of their particular chapel, which serves as a social center at all times for the barrio; and which at the time of the annual fiesta is the center of interest for the entire village and even its satellites. Each family has its milpa, or individual garden, and, in addition, there are communal lands belonging to the barrio and tended by the members for the support of the chapel of the barrio, or, as the villagers would say, for the support of the santo.

The men of the barrio work together in preparing the santo's milpa for sowing, in hoeing the maize, and in gathering the harvest, all under the direction of the mayordomo of the santo; while, at such times, the mayordomo's wife supervises the work of the women of the barrio in preparing the food for their community meals, which correspond to the "dinners for thrashers" on our mid-western farms, except that instead of the three kinds of pie and four kinds of cake



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brought on by the rivalry of our farmers' wives, the fare is simple, consisting chiefly of tortillas, beans, and meat. The proceeds of the crops raised go to pay for repairs to the church and for such equipment as candles and altar decorations.

Maize is, of course, the principal crop grown on the communally operated lands, as in the family milpas; but sometimes a barrio may, in addition, have a specialty of its own, such as a grove of chirimoyas, queen of tropical fruits, or a grove of cedars, the boughs of which sacred tree are much used in decorating altars. Or a barrio may own bulls used in the local bullfights which are part of the fiestas held in honor of the various santos. A barrio thus endowed will lend its bulls to the other barrios for their celebrations, while during the rest of the year, members of the barrio will take turns in providing for the upkeep of the communal bull.

There are also membership dues which go to pay the expenses of the fiesta of the barrio, to purchase candles to be burned before the santo, and to pay for the fireworks to be burned in the atrium of the church on that saint's day.

Each of the barrios has a name which is taken from that of the saint of the barrio and the chapel dedicated to that saint; but the Aztec names also survive. For example, in Tepoztlán, as Mr. Redfield points out, the barrio of La Santísima is known as the barrio of the "ants," Santo Domingo as the barrio of the "toads," San Miguel as the "lizards," and Los Reyes as the "Maguey worms." These names are supposed to be chosen because the creature named is most in evidence at the time of the fiesta of the barrio. The fiesta of La Santísima, for example, is held in June, and many ants appear when the milpas are plowed for sowing; that of Los Reyes is held in January when the maguey worms (a Mexican delicacy) come to eat the exposed, pulp of the maguey which has been opened to draw off the pulque. But a more popular explanation is that the names are descriptive of the members of the barrio. The "ants" are so called because there are so many of them, running all over the ground and getting into trouble; the "toads" live

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near the water and swell with their own importance; while the "lizards" like to sing at night on the street corners.

All this organization, communal support, and social and religious celebration, though corresponding closely to the Spanish idea of a church parish and its support, actually are survivals from pre-Columbian times. The barrio corresponds to the ancient calpolli, which means "great house" and doubtless refers to the meeting place of the local group. Each had its own god, its own temple, and its own civil and military organizations. The essential physical difference today is that a church with a tower has taken the place of a pyramid with a shrine. Even the ancient idol remains, surreptitiously, and is petitioned in times of need, blessed in times of plenty, and reprimanded in times of adversity.

* * *

Following the Conquest, the military and political functions of the capolli fell into disuse; and the barrio remains essentially a social and religious group. It is not exactly a "ward," since it is no longer a political unit, and although, for purposes of municipal government, a village may now be divided into wards, or demarcaciones, based in a general way on the barrios, their territories do not necessarily coincide. A villager may not even know in which "ward" he lives, nor does it matter much, since the municipal government (a presidente and his council) occasionally sits, but that is all. Without funds there is little else it can do. If a street needs repairs, or a lamppost needs replacing, the villagers take the matter in hand, and just do it. It may take some time, and more discussion, but it is done, eventually. But everyone knows to which barrio he belongs, usually that of his father

and his grandfather, though he may have moved outside its boundaries. And he knows which is his santo; and it is to the atrium of that santo's chapel that he goes in the evening to gossip, or gamble, or listen to songs. And at the time of the annual fiesta he is sure to be there to act as a host for his saint, probably



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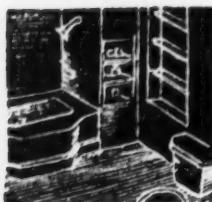

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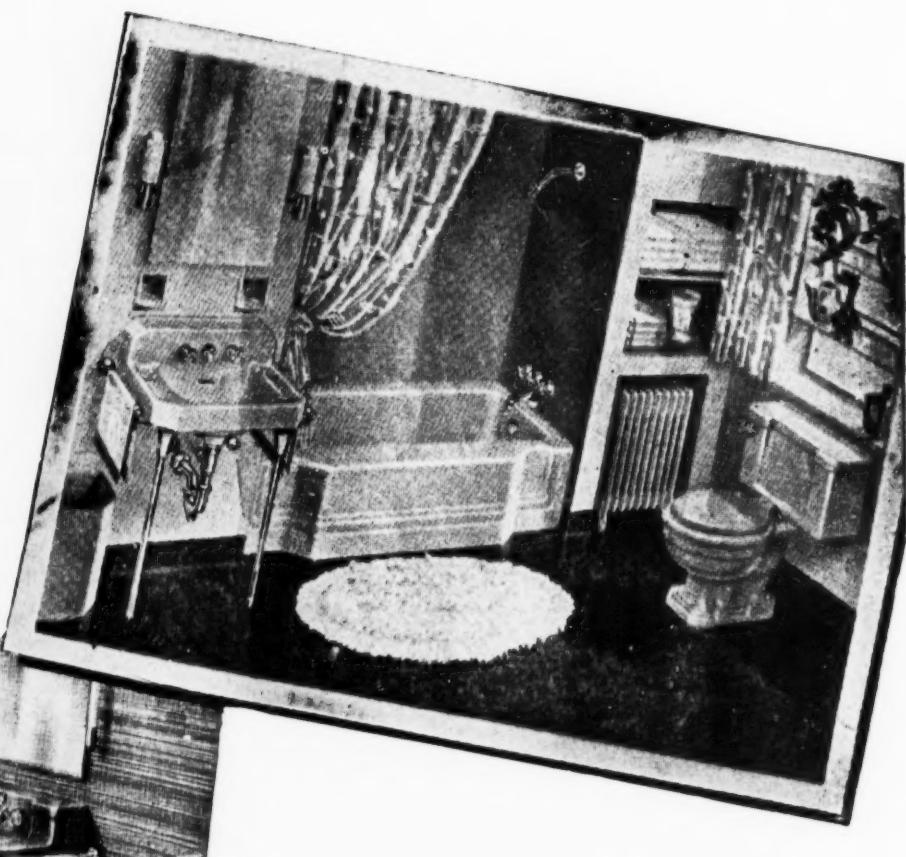
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tearing around the churchyard in the lattice-like framework of some weird animal, with firecrackers and rockets bursting forth at intervals from various parts of his adopted anatomy. Pulque will probably have played its part in the festivities, and although more fresh fruits and vegetables might take the place of that milky fluid as an apparently necessary part of his diet, one cannot, as Stuart Chase so aptly puts it, wind up a fiesta on cabbages.

The village, therefore, is both Aztec (or Tarascan, or Zapotec, depending on the part of the country) and Spanish; the blend, with just a dash of modern thrown in, is Mexican.

It is in these smaller village churches, and in the barrio chapels, that Indian influence on the architecture is especially noticeable; and the more remote from large centers of population the more is this true. One of the best parts of Mexico to study typically Indian details is the lake region of the state of Michoacán. Always rather aloof, the Tarascan Indians have carved their individualism and heritage into both wood and stone in their land of lakes. Their carvings can be found on wood postcards in the decaying arcades of Pátzcuaro and Janitzio; and especially in the little village churches that are sprinkled around Lake Pátzcuaro is it noticeable in the stone carvings of the doorways. Interiors of village churches, especially, reflect Indian taste in decoration, combining Christian and pagan forms and color.

On the hillsides and the flat prairies near the capital, in the deep valleys of Morelos, on the shores of the lakes of Michoacán, the green plains of Puebla, or the dusty expanses of Oaxaca, the village church and its yard is always a picture, often one of once better days. A wall of rubble stone encloses the yard, its rounded top covered with jagged bits of broken bottles set in the mortar, and sometimes with a luxur-



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riant bougainvillaea, a brilliant mass of magenta or of crimson, spilling over it. Beyond, an ancient dance may be in progress, with plumed figures gyrating tirelessly to a popular tune; while barefooted brown boys, in white pajamas and broad straw sombreros, squat along the wall, some of them gnawing away on short sticks of sugar cane.

Sometimes a high fence of organ cactus separates the churchyard from a dusty lane, the thorns and saw edges of its sturdy pipes interrupted by an occasional graceful, leathery pepper tree, emphasizing the jagged regularity of the impenetrable live wall.

Often the church is but a deserted relic, with grass growing out of the cracks in its stucco covering, or moss filling the joints of its stone, its flat roof grass-covered, and scrub cactus sprouting out among the rough red tiles of its battered dome.

But though a church may now be deserted and dead, the homes near by are very much alive, with flowers, and pigs, and chickens, and babies, and colorful washing hung out to dry. The church is a product of little more than four hundred years. The home, with all its life and color, was there long before that—except the pigs; the came only with the Spaniards.

Big-Game Hunting in a Cow Pasture

Continued from page 14

that we never went more than a few inches below the surface, for all the specimens that we could possibly handle. I forgot all about painting pictures, and Howard collected very few insects and plants. A fossil field of this sort seldom falls to the lot of the most well planned museum expeditions. We knew how very fortunate we were, and enjoyed every minute of it.

* * *

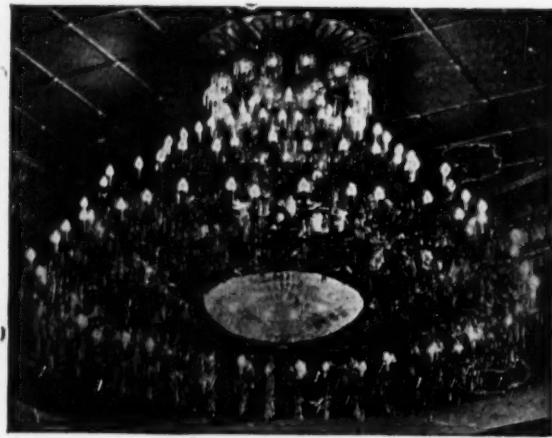
Indian relics kept coming in at the flat rate of ten centavos per piece, if the artifact was undamaged, until finally we were forced to call a halt, so we would have room in the panel truck to transport the fossils.

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We made a lot of friends through our car radio. Each evening at least half the population of the village gathered round to listen to music and news. It was the first radio to come to this community, and many of the old folks, who were averse to travel, had never seen or heard one before. One old woman insisted that we had records inside the contraption—like her son's phonograph. When we convinced her, finally, that the sounds were actually coming from points as distant as Mexico City and Del Rio, Texas, she refused to get near, but came back every night to listen.

One evening there was a full moon, and some of the boys brought guitars and played for us. After they had gone through their repertoire, I borrowed one of the guitars and sang some American cowboy songs. They could not understand a word, but it enchanted them. Their favorite was "Tumbling Tumbleweeds," and they asked for it several times. When I handed the guitar back, a pair of Yaqui cowboys came forward and with a polite, "con permiso," took over the guitars. They returned the instruments so that every chord was in a minor key, and finally broke into song. It was beautiful and wild. There was an elemental quality that reminded me of the rugged Bajate mountains, where they were born; a weird plaintive effect that was suggestive of the Orient. I have heard some of these songs, since, but I shall never forget that night and those two white-clad Yaquis, singing in the moonlight. We couldn't understand a word of what they were singing, yet we could get the feel of each song, from the rhythm and tone. One of these chaps had a way of hitting the strings and the wood of the guitar at the same time. It sounded as if distant drums were matching rhythm with his tune. The guitar became a percussion instrument.

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D. MOLLINEDO

Packing the fossils in shipping crates in Ciudad Obregón took several hot, dreary days, and the condition of our hotel rooms was the cause of no little concern on the part of the management. It would have been pretty dull business without the cheerful companionship of our friend Mr. Kirby. He would breeze into the room where we were packing bones, and we would forget the discomforts of the evil-smelling shellac and the sweat, dripping from our noses. To talk to Kirby is to take a mental tonic. He used to sit and try to imagine what one of the glyptodonts looked like, covered with the six-sided scales of bone, half and inch thick.

"Times must have been pretty tough in those days," he would remark, "for an animal as well protected as that to become extinct."

It was with a sigh of relief that we finally shipped the last crate of bones, and headed for the hill country where it would be a little cooler and considerably more interesting to an entomologist and an artist. The street scenes in Ciudad Obregón were ruined for painting by American billboards, and the only insects worth mentioning were the bugs that insisted on flying into our soup, each evening in the hotel. It was the same kind, every night—chicken stew.

Strange Fruit and Priceless Treasure

Continued from page 12

lity. With all the multifarious, multicolored life in the plaza, the tempo is as slow-paced as the mood is harmonious. And you realize how agreeable you find the Spanish culture, with its inherited Moorish strain superimposed on an Indian foundation. Here it seems to have special flavor and body, like good wine of a good year from a good region. Oaxaca is a town you regret to leave, and one you resolve to return to and to bring persons of whom you are fond to see and to taste of its quality.

Sitting in contentment in my last hours in the plaza, a line of the German poet Rainer Maria Rilke seemed peculiarly pertinent to this town of southern Mexico: "We, of this earth and this today, are not for a moment hedged by the world of time, nor bound within it: we are incessantly flowing over and over to those who preceded us and to those who apparently come after us."

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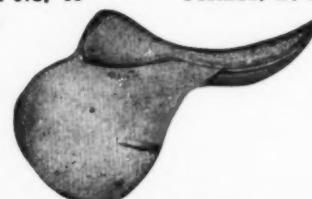
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Peon and Ejidatario

Continued from page 10

and selling co-operatives. Others, the larger ones, hold and work all lands in common. The Temixco ejido, where Juan Cabral lives, is typical of the smaller co-operatives.

A village with a population of 1,500, Temixco lies athwart the Mexico City-Acapulco highway. It looks like any other village—adobe houses and rough board shacks, the wooden bandstand on the dirt plaza, the general store, soft-drink stands and crude "pulquerias," and the great ruined walls of the hacienda overshadowing everything else. But behind the bandstand is the combination school and town hall. When we saw the sign, "Federal School—Children of the Ejido," we stopped, and in half an hour we had a dozen friends and were learning the full dramatic story of a Mexican ejido.

* * *

It began in the town hall. Upstairs we found the young mayor, Manuel Mascasa, giving instructions for the six-year farm census to a group of farmers who looked very much like Rosendo Contreras. But they were the elected representatives of their people.

Temixco is official headquarters of an ejido of 25,000 acres comprising the Indian villages of Acatlpa, Cuenteped, and Tetlama, with a total of five thousand people. The elected village "agrarian commissioners" can take complaints, demands, or suggestions to the mayor of Temixco, or directly to the federal government. They come to the mayor, usually, as a matter of convenience.

Introducing us all around, the mayor's bright secretary, Mario Román, stopped at a desk, "And here is Señor Mauro Maquina, who does not like us."

The man behind the desk gared at him: "Barbarian!"



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AT WORK INSIDE

In the days when Temixco belonged to the hacienda, Señor Maquina had been a state accountant who visited the haciendas several times a year to examine the books and assess the small taxes. He was nicknamed "purgador" (purger). After the Zapata revolution, Don Mauro found himself out of a job. What was he to do? Today, at seventy-five, he is a clerk in the Temixco town hall.

It is a bitter old man who sits at the typewriter. The "ejidatarios" gather around him and he snaps: "Look at these disgraceful men! Dressed like beggars! In the old days they would be wearing fine blue blouses and white "pantalones," and a kerchief of pure silk, silk so soft it could be drawn through a ring. Each man had his pair of oxen, and could even buy a horse if he wanted to."

"And the hacendados, they were real men. They wore beautiful sombreros all covered with gold or silver embroidery, and their tight-fitting trousers were elegant, with silver buttons down the sides. Every man was happy then. Why the revolution? Ignorance! Lack of culture!"

The farmers stand around laughing. "Aie," what beautiful times—for the "purgador!" The fine blue blouse was to be buried in, Don Mauro. The kerchief was a noose."

"Poor man," said one of the farmers of the growing party conducting us through the ruined hacienda. "Nothing left but memories."

"Maybe," I ventured, "it would be better to be a peon, after all?"

"Que caray!" When did Don Mauro ever bend his back in the fields?"

"But he is right. We are poor," someone said.

And then, in a storm of words, came the arguments for and against the ejido.

When the hacienda was destroyed by the revolution, the freed peons divided the land among themselves. President Cárdenas, who had an all-over ejidal plan for Morelos state, redistributed the land more equally. A national agrarian code established laws, some of which date back to Indian times. A man keeps his land only if he or his family works it. He cannot sell it. If he decides to leave, and has no children to carry on the family ownership, the land reverts to the ejido and is divided among the others.

The Cárdenas plan created the zonal system until that includes the other villages for easier administrative purposes. A government agricultural bank makes loans, which are repaid after the harvest. The are sold through the Ministry of Economy.



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All this was to the good. "But there isn't enough land!" the farmers shouted as we stood at the edge of a rice field whose owner, working ankle deep in water, looked up in curiosity.

"Wait! Let me explain," interrupted the mayor. "I, for example, own three and a half acres. None of us has much more. You see, when the land was first divided, every family was going to get ten acres. But we found there wasn't enough good irrigated land to go around. So now everyone has two and a half and five acres. There are two crops a year, and the average earnings are 700 pesos (about \$85) for one hectare (about two and a half acres) of sugar cane, 900 pesos for one of rice. Many farmers look for supplementary work. My problem is to get more land for our ejido. I push the government for new irrigation works to reclaim dry aeras."

A farmer sighed. "If ther were only more haciendas to expropriate . . ."

We were crossing the road now, and the discussion was suddenly submerged in a wave of community spirit as the farmers pointed out the blackboard announcing that there would be a Mother's Day fiesta that evening.

"It will be very "simpatico." The school-children will sing and dance. There will be speeches. You cannot come? What a pity!"

"But at least they must meet El Viejo!"

"Of course! 'Como no?'"

El Viejo, Temixco's oldest inhabitant, a straight-backed man of ninety-two, was called from behind the counter of the village general store, which he owns. His sister was even older—but she was not considered a part of Temixco because she had arrived from "the outside," another part of the country, a mere ten years before.

* * *

A room of the old man's house behind his store might be called public property. Installed in it is an image of the Virgin supposed to have miraculous powers, and people come from afar to worship her. "There are many Virgins, but this is the only true one," said the old man proudly. "I invite you to enter and receive her blessing."

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When I pointed out that I had no head covering, he said: "It is Mother's Day, and you have my permission to enter, for I know the Mother Virgin gives it."

We walked on the winding dirt roads off the highway. Tenixco, in general, looked prosperous. New homes were rising. A church was being built by the farmers themselves; the old church had been part of the hacienda. While the building was in progress the old hacienda church bells, scarred in the revolution, hung from a temporary scaffolding.

There were surprising differences among the farmers' homes. Some were poor thatched or board huts, hardly better than that of the peón Rosendo Contreras. Others were large, sturdy, comfortable.

The farmers explained that differences in living standards depend on a farmer's success in getting outside work and on the size of his family. Sons are the wealth of the "ejidatarios." "Don Javier, now, is rich, as you see by his house. He has many grown sons and they own a freight truck. Manuel, who is alone with his woman, lives only by his land, so his house is poor. Juan is doing well with his gladioli, which his son and daughter sell in the market. Others will soon be raising flowers, although it seems woman's work."

Mario Román the mayor's secretary, had left working the land to his father and his brothers in order to enter politics. He hopes to become a lawyer and a big politician. "There is opportunity for us on the ejido," he said, "especially if, like myself, one has brothers to carry on the farm work. Then one can concentrate on studies and ambition..."

I remembered how Rosendo Contreras the peón had said: "Here I will live and die, and my son will follow." And then, catching my glance at his tiny thatched hut: "We need little. It is enough."

But the "ejidatario" looks over his sugar and rice fields, his adobe house or his little shack. "It is not enough. We need more land, more water. We must produce more. We must live better."

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